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AUGUST 23, 1971

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TIME

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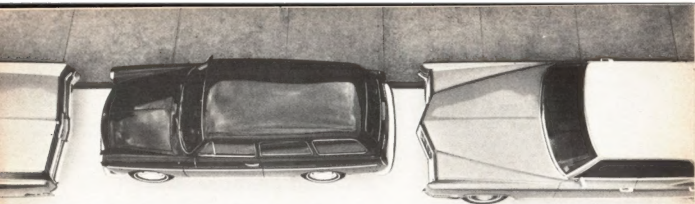
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LETTERS

East Pakistan v. My Lai

Sir: I am surprised at your labeling Yahya Khan a "good soldier" [Aug. 2]. If Yahya Khan is a good soldier, Lieut. Calley and Captain Medina are angels. After all, they are said to be responsible for killing only a couple of hundred civilians, which is nothing compared with the "bravery" of Yahya Khan, who has overall responsibility for slaughtering 200,000 civilians and creating 7,500,000 refugees.

GULAB MIRCHANDANI
Hillside, N.J.

Sir: As a refugee who came from East Pakistan in 1950, I know the agony, the suffering, the humiliation one has to go through. People say that the U.S. generally supports the wrong horse. I don't think it is a question of supporting the wrong horse. Rather it is primarily a question of humanity.

I fail to understand how the U.S. Government can send arms to kill the helpless, innocent people of East Pakistan.

AMITABHA CHATTERJEE
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sir: When the Britons kill the Irish to keep their kingdom united, nobody raises a finger; but when we try to wash out the separatists and the secessionists, they are denied even moral support.

ANWAR-UL-HAQ
Sahiwal, West Pakistan

Bravo and Eureka!

Sir: Bravo to the Apollo men! No excitement? Our vision is dulled and obscured by our priority of values. Without the Viet Nam War, there would be enough money for space exploration and the curing of social ills on our planet. For that matter, there may be gold out there!

(MRS.) MARY ANN GILMOUR
Whittier, Calif.

Sir: Let's save money on Apollo 16 and all future space flights. By ensuring that the astronauts are between the ages of twelve and 26 and enrolled in some institute of learning, we should be able to send them all at half fare.

JOHN A. LITTLE
Terre Haute, Ind.

P.O.W. Issue

Sir: I am quoted in your July 26 issue as saying there are "just" 1,600 men missing in Indochina. This statement is erroneous and inaccurate.

In the first place the figure of 1,600 has been used by myself and others to indicate the approximate number of American servicemen who are missing in action and are being held as prisoners of war in North Viet Nam, South Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia.

Secondly, throughout my years of efforts on behalf of these brave men, it has been my constant theme that no amount of "antiwar" or "peace" publicity in this country should be allowed to give credence to the enemy's propaganda that the American people could not possibly care about "just" 1,500 or 1,600 men. I have never spoken of "just" 1,600 men in any other context.

Inaccuracies such as this are inexcusable, not for any repercussions to the individual misquoted, but for the jeopardy in which they place each one of these most im-

portant individual Americans and the anguish caused to their families and loved ones.

ROBERT DOLE
U.S. Senator from Kansas
Chairman, Republican National
Committee
Washington

► TIME misinterpreted the Senator's remarks on a CBS Reports show. Senator Dole said: "We have to be very candid about it. We don't want to stay there just for the prisoners; we don't want to get out just for the prisoners. They're very important, but they represent less than one-half of 1% of the Americans who've died in South Viet Nam."

Buckley's Top Secret

Sir: Dean Rusk's admission that he may very well have written the memo attributed to him by the *National Review* is a clear vindication of William Buckley's hoax [Aug. 2].

When the dust finally settled on this scene of confusion and forgery, Buckley's act was one of tragic revelation, not, as you termed it, "an elaborate schoolboy prank." The hoax is no different from or more humorous than the one conducted in Executive Branch offices then or now.

MICHAEL SPANGLER
Evanston, Ill.

The Last Analysis

Sir: It is a widespread fallacy among traditional psychotherapists that behaviorists frequently approach the area of thought

control [Aug. 2]. Rather, it is the neo-Freudian revisionists like Erich Fromm, et al., who attempt to manipulate patients by moralizing and who, in the last analysis, tell them how they ought to behave.

DAVID T. MURPHY
Philadelphia

Sir: Behavior therapists are correct when they claim that, in many cases, their methods work. So does torture.

(THE REV.) DAVID FREDERICK BROWN
San Francisco

Talitha Getty

Sir: You say that only one person attended Talitha Getty's funeral in Rome [July 26]. That is because the real burial service took place July 20 in Wassenaar, a suburb of The Hague, in the presence of her husband, Paul Getty Jr., her father and many others.

E.T. VAN DER VELDE
Rotterdam, The Netherlands

The Tomato and Round Numbers

Sir: As a mathematician, I found your Essay "Of Imaginary Numbers" [Aug. 2] an entertaining plea for restraint. You failed, however, to mention a serious branch of the same problem: twisted statistics. We are constantly being bombarded with an endless stream of significant-sounding statistics. On closer examination, one discovers that the impressive statistic has little or nothing to do with the conclusions presented. The late author Mark Clifton placed the problem in proper perspective when he noted that "100% of all people who were born before the year 1800 who had eaten tomatoes had died."

ROBERT WEINBERG
Chicago

Sir: I wonder if TIME's division of imaginary numbers could provide me with the latest count on the number of sacred cows in India. The last time I checked, a few years ago, sacred-cow population estimates were readily available—give or take 234 million. They ranged from a high of 500 million in *Commonweal*, through a New York *Times* Magazine count of 240 million, to a Manchester *Guardian* editorial determination of 176 million.

BUD JOHNSON
Milwaukee

► It is safe to say that estimates cited by Reader Johnson average out to 303 million. The D.J.N.'s sacred-cow specialist could be no more precise than that.

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TIME, AUGUST 23, 1971

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AT GRACIE MANSION PRESS CONFERENCE AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The New Waves

Some, at first, felt a slightly stunned euphoria about Richard Nixon's planned trip to China, a kind of excitement about impending historic change. Vermont Senator George Aiken, the ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, sees the trip instead as setting off a new round of international anxiety.

"The proof of it," he reflected last week, "is rolling in from every direction. *Pravda* was uneasy, in a long article, about the U.S.-China rapprochement, fearing what effect it would have on U.S.-Soviet relations. Red China, through Chou En-lai's interview with the New York Times's James Reston, was uneasy about Japan, fearing it would turn into a nuclear nation, that it would swoop into Taiwan and Korea.

"Japan is uneasy about its place now that the U.S. is talking again to Japan's old enemy. India is worried about the U.S. overtures to China and the fact that Pakistan is enjoying a new stature with the White House since playing its role in the secret plans. So now India signs a new pact with Russia. The worries go on and on." It is, said Aiken, as if Nixon had dropped a large stone into a previously stagnant pond. The waves from the impact are widening.

All Those Friendly Faces

The election is 14 months away, but there is no stronger tonic for a political candidate, even if he holds the job already, than a sea of friendly faces. There is no greater depressant for an aspirant to office than an empty hall. Last week Richard Nixon could take satisfaction on both scores. He fully sa-

vored the one, while his adversaries suffered the other.

When the President went to New Hampshire, not even the zeal of his advance men could fully account for the expansive crowd of 30,000 that greeted him warmly. The savvy throng guffawed when the President described his trip as nonpolitical (which means it is paid for out of public, not party funds). The thousands who gathered at Maine's Bangor airport included many avowed Democrats, but they were both cordial and interested. The young protesters that usually embellish presidential stopovers seemed to have virtually disappeared during these summer weeks. Two days later, when the Democrats put on a three-star show in tiny Hollis, N.H. (pop. 2,616), billing Senators McGovern, Jackson and Bayh, a mere 300 voters turned out.

This week, en route to San Clemente, Nixon speaks "nonpolitically" in New York City and in Springfield, Ill. Then on to Idaho and the scenic Grand Tetons and Dallas in search of more friendly faces. Clearly the advantages of the incumbent in high office are great.

What is Morality?

Since American taxpayers contribute millions annually for the dissemination of birth control devices and education abroad, it seems at best inconsistent that William Baird, a population-control advocate from Valley Stream, N.Y., has been arrested seven times and jailed a total of 42 days in four states for preaching what the Government says should be practiced. In the latest episode, Baird was lecturing one evening in Huntington, N.Y. On a bulletin board he displayed two diaphragms, an intra-uterine coil and other contraceptive devices.

Tipped off, they say, by a phone call, plainclothes Huntington police rose out of the audience and arrested Baird along with 27-year-old Nancy Ann Manfredonia. The charge was that Baird and Mrs. Manfredonia, who attended the lecture with her husband and 14-month-old daughter Kathryn—she could not find a baby sitter—were guilty, under a state penal law, of impairing the morals of a minor. Baird and the mother spent the night in jail; the baby stayed at the station house until 1:30 a.m., exposed to the same contraceptive display, now state's evidence, that supposedly impaired her morals earlier.

A week later Mrs. Manfredonia brought Kathryn back to the lecture hall, where Baird delivered another talk on contraception. There were no police this time. A federal judge had issued a temporary restraining order that stopped further arrests—but not the mentality behind them.

Cashing In

Sightseeing boats this summer were cruising off the Kennedy compound at Hyannisport blaring a tour guide's spiel from loudspeakers. When Rose Kennedy finally complained to the selectmen, they persuaded the guides to turn down their speakers when they pass the compound and refrain from broadcasting across the water any mention of the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy.

In Dallas this week, another entrepreneur, named Aubrey Mahew, who bought the Texas School Book Depository last year, is opening the building to tourists. He has not yet decided how much to charge the tourists who want to see the sixth floor, where Lee Harvey Oswald fired his fatal shots. It is not entirely an ugly voyeurism that draws the public; no one objects to the tourists at Ford's Theater in Washington. Still, there is a certain obscenity about the enterprises that cash in on the Kennedy dead.

The Conversion of John Lindsay

JUST after 9 one morning last week, a pair of registrars from the New York City Board of Elections were summoned to Gracie Mansion, the mayor's 18th century residence overlooking the East River. There John V. Lindsay and his wife Mary, both lifelong Republicans, filled in new voter registration forms, marked the circle for "Democratic Party" and signed their names.

With that long-awaited formality, Lindsay changed not only his partisan label but also, quite possibly, the shape of Democratic national politics. On the eve of the 1972 presidential campaign, he has injected himself as a glamorous presence into the more liberal reaches of his new party and as a long-shot pos-

sible of press interest in the mayor and, to his enemies, a confirmation of their charge that he is a creation of the media. In soft, matter-of-fact tones, Lindsay delivered a seven-minute recitation of his differences with the G.O.P. on issues and ideology. "In a sense," he began, "this step recognizes the failure of 20 years in progressive Republican politics."

No Illusions. Today, he said, "the Republican Party has moved so far from what I perceive as necessary policies for our city and for the country that I can no longer work within it." He gave a litany of urban troubles—"men without jobs, families without hope, indent housing, blighted neighborhoods,

—although four years later in Miami, to his subsequent chagrin, he delivered one of the seconding speeches for Spiro Agnew. At that time he had better hopes for a Nixon presidency and did not anticipate the public role that Agnew would come to play.

Lindsay managed to coexist with the party during his first term as mayor, but when he ran for a second term, he was defeated in the city's Republican primary by voters who thought he behaved too much like a liberal Democrat. That was the beginning of his apostasy. Running on the Liberal and Independent lines, he won re-election, with just 42% of the vote, only because the Republican and Democratic candidates



Bronx baby kissing



In East Harlem



At Italian street party

sibility to challenge Richard Nixon a year from November.

Lindsay denied that his conversion automatically means he will seek the presidential nomination. But he declared in his announcement: "I'm firmly committed to take an active part in 1972 to bring about new national leadership." There is no question that Lindsay wants the presidency; there is only the question of when and how he should seek it. At 49, Lindsay last week took the first step in what amounts to a new political career, escaping from the Republican cul-de-sac in which he was trapped and eventually, he hopes, from the sooty horizons of New York City, which has a tradition of breaking its mayors' political careers.

The final decision, it was suggested amid some hilarity at Lindsay's press conference, came on a Utah mountaintop. Vacationing with his wife earlier this month, he telephoned Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio from a riding stable and, the story goes, dictated the substance of his announcement. Actually, a very similar draft of the speech had been prepared by his staff weeks earlier.

Protracted Striptease. There was an air of anticlimax when he confronted the press in Gracie Mansion, for months of rumors about the change had given it the tedium of a protracted striptease. Nonetheless, the room was jammed with 17 movie and television cameras and dozens of reporters. It was a testimony

crowded hospitals, crime, poverty, polarization." He excoriated the Nixon Administration for the continuing war and for a "retreat from the Bill of Rights" through censorship, wiretapping and the illegal arrests of Mayday demonstrators. Nixon, he said, refuses to impose wage and price controls to check inflation, ignores the poor while seeking a \$250 million loan guarantee for Lockheed Aircraft. "I regret," he said, "that new directions cannot emerge from a Republican Party that has finally become a closed institution."

About the Democratic Party, Lindsay went on, "I have no illusions. But in contrast, the Democratic Party has sought since the travesty of 1968 to diversify and reform itself." Lindsay spoke, not very specifically, about his intention to "build a coalition that can work for peace and justice."

The Administration's Republican loyalists waved goodbye sarcastically. Said one party official: "He's always been a dirty word to us. A lot of Republicans are saying good riddance." Conservative William F. Buckley savored the moment: "I told him to do this six years ago. I suppose it takes him a long time to think."

Lindsay's conversion was far from an abrupt Pauline vision. He first ran for the House in 1958 as an insurgent Republican. Ever since, he has been a heterodox member of the party. In 1964 he refused to support the Goldwater-Miller ticket



With crowds in the Bronx
Far from a Pauline vision.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEO REAR

The Taxi Chorus

Quoting cab drivers as oracles of folk wisdom is one of the more shopworn journalistic devices long ago banned in TIME. But the relationship between New York City cabbies and Mayor John Lindsay is something special. They are to him as the Eumenides were to the heroes of Greek tragedy. A sampling of opinion after Lindsay's conversion:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ROBERT GOLDSTEIN



MELVIN MORRISON

"Very charming fellow, very charming. I wouldn't trust him very far. He's an incompetent bungler."



BILL INCH

"Lindsay ain't worth a damn. Personally, he's ruined this city. What kind of President do you think he'd make?"



IRVING ROTH

"I don't think much of Lindsay. I don't think he knows what country he's in."



STUART WILLIAMS

"I think the mayor is a very good man. He'd make a good President. I think he's for the poor people; he really wants to help."



BEN TEITELBAUM

"Worst bum we ever had. Very bad mayor. Nothin' is workin'. All we got is more and more taxes. You tell him I said so."



BERNARD HIRSCHBEIM

"Mr. Lindsay happens to be a very liberal-minded man. People used to smile—look at them on the streets today. This town has become a hellhole."



LEON IBANEZ

"I like him. He's starting to get things together, changing parties and all. He's a progressive head, you know? Nixon died three years ago as far as I'm concerned."

divided the more conservative ballots. Lindsay increasingly gave up any pretense of enduring Republican loyalties. He staffed his administration with former Robert Kennedy workers, and with others far to the left of his party's Nixonian leadership.

Bad Marriage. His relationship with New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller has always had the quality of a disastrously bad marriage; the final separation came in the 1970 gubernatorial elections, when Lindsay supported the Democrat, Arthur Goldberg. This year, in an ugly legislative fight in Albany over the New York City budget, Lindsay and Rockefeller exchanged bitter insults, with the Governor contemptuously questioning the mayor's competence and finally appointing a commission to investigate the city's affairs.

Throughout his second term, Lindsay has been increasingly harsh on the Nixon Administration. A year ago or longer, he began seriously considering his switch to the Democrats. For months his aides, led by Aurelio, pressed him to make the change. With Nixon in the White House, Rockefeller in Albany and a Republican and a Conservative in the Senate from New York, they argued, he had no place to go.

Board of Deacons. The defection badly damaged the morale of liberal Republicans. Said California Congressman Pete McCloskey: "It gets lonelier and lonelier over here. We've already lost [former California Senator Thomas] Kuchel, [former Interior Secretary Walter] Hickel and [former New York Senator Charles] Goodell. Now Lindsay."

Among Democrats, the reaction was elaborately ambiguous. With his following among the young, minorities and the disenchanted, and above all his star quality—the word charisma keeps recurring—Lindsay in the long run seems an elegant addition to the progressive wing of the Democrats. More immediately he presents unwanted problems. Obviously the announced and unannounced presidential candidates do not welcome competition, and their greetings last week ranged from tepid to frosty. South Dakota's Senator George McGovern unkindly recalled the Agnew nominating speech. Washington's Senator Henry Jackson declared: "If you join the church one Sunday, you can't expect to be chairman of the board of deacons the next Sunday."

Lindsay's arrival prompted no deep fear in the camp of front-running Edmund Muskie, only a certain nervousness. If Lindsay enters the primaries, he will mainly damage the most liberal candidates—McGovern, Indiana's Birch Bayh. But, says one Muskie aide, "let's face it, he's got more charisma than anybody out there now."

Some Democratic officials fear that a Lindsay candidacy might provoke a schism on the left of the party, which could result in a fourth-party candidate that would divide the Democratic vote and ensure Nixon's re-election. But these



Democrats argue that Lindsay has no chance for the nomination anyway.

There is, first of all, a strong reluctance among Democrats to award the highest prize to a newcomer whose transparently timed conversion leaves him open to a charge of opportunism. Only if Lindsay were to win impressively in the primaries and rank high in public opinion polls would the convention find him irresistible. And at the moment, the steeplechase of 23 state primaries beginning next March 7 in New Hampshire does not look inviting to Lindsay. Against a moderate like Muskie from neighboring Maine, New Hampshire would be unlikely to welcome Lindsay. In Florida, where the second primary will be held, Lindsay could expect to divide the liberal Miami votes with others such as McGovern and Bayh, but much of the rest of the state would be hostile.

One of Lindsay's worst problems would be the eight mandatory primary states where state officials place the names of all likely candidates on the ballot. Thus he could not pick only hospitable states to enter, unless he signed affidavits disavowing his candidacy. Aside from Wisconsin and possibly Oregon, the state where Lindsay might run best would be California, but its primary occurs so late, June 6, that he could be badly scarred before he even got there. To make a long primary drive, Lindsay would also have to raise a Rockefeller's share of campaign funds—a more difficult task, since Lindsay's defection has almost certainly cost him some of his wealthier Republican backers.

Show Me. There is also the intriguing question of Lindsay's image in the country at large. Some say his popularity increases in direct proportion to his distance from New York City. Yet he is still rather remote from the rest of the nation. In most of the South, he would be political poison for the Democrats. Says one Alabamian: "He's a New Yorker. That's like being from Red China." The *Detroit News* denounced Lindsay as "a political transvestite." Still, in California, which will provide nearly 10% of the delegates to the Democratic convention, a Field poll last May showed that Democrats like Lindsay better than anyone except Edward Kennedy. Professional politicians



NIXON & LINDSAY (1970)
An end to pretense.

throughout the country are interested in his potential, but the general public still has a "show me" attitude. Part of his fascination is that he is almost preternaturally handsome and photogenic—the London *Daily Sketch* in a recent effusion called him "the sexiest man in the world"—and formidably charming as a campaigner. The new 18-year-old voters would doubtless be a rich source of power to him (see *following story*) as would blacks and other minorities.

But the city he has tried to govern for six years would haunt him. "If he can't run New York City," his opponents will repeat almost in chorus, "how does he expect to run the country?" It is almost impossible to say how much an older mayor could have forestalled New York's deterioration, but the city, with its public-employee strikes, housing crises, power blackouts, accelerating crime and financial deficits, will be a heavy club in his enemies' hands.

Instinct. Some Democrats mutter, however, that Lindsay is the only politician who can make points out of chaos. He is the acknowledged leader of the nation's mayors in their fight for greater federal revenues to rescue the decaying cities. Lindsay says he plans to refute critics now by demonstrating that he can indeed govern New York City; he means also to use its problems as proof of a larger national crisis instead of evidence of his own incompetence.

If a presidential run does not look feasible this year, Lindsay might position himself to run for the New York governorship in 1974. From Albany, as leader of the New York delegation to the convention in 1976, the nomination might be accessible, assuming that Nixon is re-elected next year. If a Democrat wins in 1972, then presumably Lindsay would have to wait until 1980, when he would be only 58.

It is far likelier that Lindsay has no such grand design and is waiting to hear the national response to his party switch and listen to what his staff and his political instinct tell him in the next few months. Says Mary Lindsay: "I asked him the other day, 'Do you know where all this is leading?' He looked at me and said 'I don't know.'"

How Will the Young Vote?

THEY care. "They don't." "They're apathetic." "No, they're on a rampage." "They will." "They won't." "If they do, they'll go the same way as their parents." "They'll do their own thing."

"They" are the 11.4 million 18-to-20-year-olds now enfranchised, for state and local as well as national elections, by the 26th Amendment to the Constitution, ratified June 30. What "they" will or will not do is register and vote. Anti-Nixon enrollment drummers organizing rallies under such titles as "Countdown '72," "Register for a New America" and "Register for Peace" offer some interesting arithmetic. If only 50% of the young eligible vote, and if they go 2-to-1 Democratic, they could swing nine states, including vote-heavy California, New Jersey and Ohio, to give the Democratic candidate a substantial majority of 337 electoral votes. Of the under-21 voters already registered, variously estimated from 500,000 to 1,000,000, about 60% have enrolled as Democrats and 30% as Republicans.

Parents'-Home Rule. Of the 18-to-20-year-olds, no fewer than 4,000,000 constitute the "college crowd." Roughly half of these young men and women attend colleges close to their homes; the rest live away from home, almost one-half of them out of state. Where residential college students will be allowed to register and vote is the most vexing question arising under the 26th Amendment.

For about 10 million of the newly enfranchised, where to register for voting is no problem. These are the 4,100,000 in the work force, 1,600,000 housewives, students at colleges in or near their home towns, 900,000 in high school, and 800,000 men in the armed forces who are entitled to absentee ballots. So, deservedly or not, it is the 1,200,000 away-from-home students who are getting most of the attention in enrollment drives.

The key to exercising voting rights is the definition of a resident. Virtually all the states, by law or administrative ruling, deny a student the status of a resident. But is a student who spends nine months of each of four years in a community any less a resident than a faculty member? A few states allow a married student to vote in his college town, while insisting that the unmarried must register from his parents' home. The parents'-home rule requires students to try to get absentee ballots, which are not available in some states except to members of the armed forces; in other states the procedure is an obstacle course. The restrictive laws of at least 15 states are being challenged in the courts, and some cases are expected to reach the U.S. Supreme Court.

Herbert Marcuse's doctrine that the vote is meaningless seems to have relatively few adherents among the

YOUTH-DIRECTED POSTER



EXPLAINING REGISTRATION



young. This month the Boston suburb of Woburn provided a nutshell refutation of Marcuse's argument. During most of July, the town had been racked by fire-bombings and clashes between youths and the police. Mayor Edward F. Gill rejected virtually all the youths' demands. After an angry protest meeting, more than 50 of the young suddenly stalked across to Town Hall to protest in a quieter but far more effective way. They registered to vote. Said a spokesman: "When they turned us down, they taught us a political lesson: if you don't have the vote, they can ignore you."

Some older politicians have scoffed that in an April congressional primary election in Maryland, only 6% of the young eligibles bothered to register—an admittedly appalling record. But of those who did register, two-thirds actually voted, while less than one-third of their registered elders did so. It was the same in a special state senate election in Southern California last month. Of the registered 18-to-20-year-olds polled, no less than 78% voted, against 48% of the total registered voters. Many prognosticators hold that the strength of the youth turnout in 1972 will depend largely on the candidates. If the major parties offer what the young would see as a tweedledum-tweedledee choice between Nixon and a Humphrey, they would be even more turned off than their elders. But if the Democrats put up an inspiring candidate, the young will be more likely to vote.

In interviews last week with a few dozen newly eligible voters, TIME correspondents found a full spectrum of attitudes from Woburn-type militancy to sun-drenched, poolside apathy, from an interest in the presidency to thoughtful concern about state and local issues. A sampling:

NINI ZOLOTEN, 19, of Los Angeles: "I've been involved with political stuff since I was a kid—strikes, canvassing and stuff like that. I'll vote Democratic and against Nixon, but I'm not exactly sure what that will mean come November of 1972."

POLLY SPIEGEL, 20, of Cambridge, Mass., who goes to Swarthmore: "I think giving kids the vote is a step forward, but all we can do is vote in an already faulty system."

JANET KRIGBAUM, 19, of Durham, N.C., a junior at Duke University: "I'm not too hopeful about any of the present presidential candidates. I don't like the Nixon regime, and the Democratic platform is soft-socialist, and I can't see that leading anywhere."

LINDA BANUELOS, 20, a page in Chicago's First National Bank: "The slate is handed to you by the 'toppies'—Establishment people who don't give the average person a say at all. I'm just not convinced that voting will help—you're just voting for the Government's man."

TOM LOLLAR, 19, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., a junior at the University of Alabama: "I'd like to say we could really turn things around in Alabama, but the kids here

and in the Southeast in general are still pretty conservative. I think they're going to vote along with their parents."

JACK TRIMM, 19, from the crossroads town of Echola, north of Tuscaloosa: "I think the younger voters will have a rather substantial effect on politics. Young people won't vote conservatively just because their parents do."

ROGER UNO, 19, of Los Angeles, who voted in the state senate election: "I hope the 18-to-20-year-olds will take advantage of their voting rights, but I have my fears. We talk a good game, but when it comes to acting, we are often as hypocritical as older people."

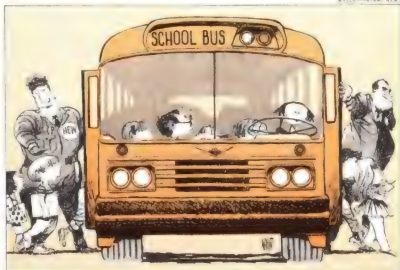
BRIDGET KELSEY, 18, enrolled in Edgewood College, Wis., hopes to vote there, but otherwise will register in her home town of Rockford, Ill.: "We know there will

RACES

Outflanking the President

As part of his continuing scheme to keep the South in his column in the 1972 election, President Nixon took an extraordinary step two weeks ago. He disavowed a school-integration plan for Austin, Texas, drafted by his own Department of Health, Education and Welfare; he ordered HFW and the Justice Department to "hold basing to the minimum required by law."

At first it seemed a profitable political stroke, for it would surely please Southerners reluctant to desegregate. But he left an opening to the right, and inevitably Alabama Governor George Wallace—the man Nixon hoped to undercut—was quick to take full advantage



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF NIXON BUSING POLICY

not be change right away, but you can't get anywhere by walking away from it. We must use the tools they give us."

To ensure heavy registration, with the hope that this will lead to a large young-voter turnout, both major political parties are active. The Democratic National Committee's youth drive has staged hot-dog dinners in Arkansas—free to the newly registered—and a press conference at the White House main gate. The Republican National Committee is turning out pamphlets to tutor the young in the Nixon record on the environment, draft reform, drug abuse and winding down the war. Perhaps the most effective of the enrollment drives, because it is technically nonpartisan, is the National Movement for the Student Vote, Inc., headquartered in Washington and enjoying strong support from John Gardner's Common Cause. It is organizing registrars, and its lawyers are behind many of the court fights against residency restrictions. At least some of their elders are determined that the young will not miss the chance to vote because of either apathy or legal obstacles.

of it, Wallace pounced last week, sending Nixon a telegram designed to aggravate the already tricky situation in which the President had put himself. Wired Wallace: "The conflicts between your recent statements opposing the busing of schoolchildren and the action of federal departments directly under your control have left our people in a dilemma." Nixon took the bait: he put out word through Press Secretary Ron Ziegler that federal officials who supported busing programs too strenuously would find themselves in new jobs in—or even outside of—the Government.

With Relish, Wallace replied shrewdly. He decreed that a 15-year-old suburban Birmingham white student, Pamela Davis, should be assigned by the Jefferson County school board to the predominantly white Minor High School. Under a federal court order, Pamela had been assigned to Westfield High School, 22 miles from her home and 95% black. One day later, Wallace pressed the issue further by proclaiming his intention to reopen one of the 140 all-black or largely black schools that had been shut down in compliance with a

court ruling. "My order transcends the orders of the court," he snapped.

Wallace's motives were all too clear. His actions, Wallace said, "will set a precedent in this state of carrying out the wishes of President Nixon." The relish with which Wallace repeatedly spoke of Nixon's "wishes" reflected Wallace's glee at catching the President out.

Rattlesnake. Nixon has said, consistently if unenthusiastically, that he will enforce the federal court directives—as indeed he is required by law to do. The Government's only logical recourse is to file a suit to halt Wallace's violation. Yet if the President forces a showdown with Wallace, he will undoubtedly alienate the white Southern voters he has courted so assiduously. No one in the White House is admitting that Nixon committed a strategic blunder, but one aide probably summed up the feeling in the Nixon camp when he said of Wallace: "What a rattlesnake he is."

The Alabama Governor surely does not mind a bit of name-calling so long as he accomplishes his purpose, which is to outflank Nixon on the right. Wallace won five states, primarily from Nixon, as a third-party candidate in the 1968 presidential election, and patiently hopes to win more if he can squeeze his way into an even more conservative position on busing than Nixon's own.

For all his shabby cynicism, Wallace set Nixon up like a good bantamweight working out a deadly series of combinations. For the past month he let rumors build that he was going to challenge federal integration requirements, and fed the rumors by pushing a \$1,500,000 bill in the state legislature that would fund 200 additional state troopers for the coming school year.

Psyched Up. The President caught it from the other side. The U.S. Civil Rights Commission, headed by the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh of Notre Dame, jumped on Nixon for demanding that busing be held to the legal minimum. "What the nation needed," said the commissioners, "was a call for the immediate elimination of the dual school system and for support of all those school officials who are forthrightly carrying out their legal obligations. Unfortunately, the President's statement almost certainly will have the opposite effect." One embittered HEW staffer conceded that the school officials "are more confused now," adding, "they feel the rug has been pulled from under them." Busing, as the President well knows, is widely unpopular both North and South; yet some communities are beginning to get used to it. Besides, critics feel that Nixon's stand will damage the cause of integration quite apart from the busing question. Complained James R. Johnson, a black Jackson, Miss., school board member: "People here were finally psyched up to accept busing and integration. But now the President has given fire to the conservatives."

TRIALS

Hung Jury for Huey

For once, Huey P. Newton, co-founder and stern ideologue of the Black Panther Party, was smiling. The ten women and two men of the jury were filing out of the Alameda County courtroom in Oakland, Calif. After six days of wrangling over the case, in which Newton was accused of killing a police officer, they were so firmly deadlocked that Judge Harold B. Howe declared a mistrial and dismissed them. "This shows that with at least one black person on the jury I can get a fair trial," Newton said. "A hung jury keeps me out of jail."

The jury's final straw vote had been 11 to 1 for conviction. But Newton's rea-

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BLACK PANTHER NEWTON
The one dissenter was white.

soning was wrong. It was not the lone black woman on the jury who had won him a respite until he is tried again. It was a 50-year-old white housewife, Juanita Henderson, who describes herself as aggressive and insists that she went into the jury room with an open mind.

Only a Law Book. As in his first trial in 1968, Newton's defense was that he had been unconscious when Rookie Patrolman John Frey was fatally shot in the early-morning dark of Oct. 28, 1967. Newton said that he had nothing more lethal than a law book in his car when Frey stopped him, and that when he tried to quote the law book, Frey became enraged and shot him in the belly. After that, said Newton, he remembered nothing except hearing a volley of shots. The defense suggested that Frey might have been accidentally shot by a fellow officer, while the prosecution insisted that Newton had killed him.

At the 1968 trial, the jury dismissed a murder charge but found Newton guilty of voluntary manslaughter. After he had served 22 months of a two- to 15-year sentence, he won a round: the Cal-

ifornia Court of Appeals reversed the conviction. It found that the trial judge had failed to instruct the jury that if it believed Newton had been unconscious, it could not find him guilty.

Repeat Defense. In the six-week retrial just ended, the gut issue was the claim of unconsciousness, despite new testimony for the prosecution that as Newton was being driven to the hospital for treatment, he waved a pistol and boasted of "shooting two dudes." Defense Attorney Charles R. Garry produced two doctors who testified that a man in a state of shock, as he could be from abdominal wounds, might not know what he was doing. Mrs. Henderson says she was swayed by this evidence.

While it fell short of acquittal, the Oakland mistrial added to the growing list of Panther cases in which the prosecution has so far failed to win a conviction. Most notable among those freed: seven Panthers tried in Chicago after a shootout with police (the state dropped its case for lack of evidence); the "New York 13," who survived an eight-month trial that set records for riotous disturbances and duration; Bobby G. Seale and Ericka Huggins, charged with ordering the murder of a fellow Panther in Connecticut; and twelve New Orleans Panthers found innocent by an all-male jury (ten blacks, two whites) of attempting to kill a squad of police.

JUSTICE

A Loss of Faith

In May 1970, immediately after the killing of four students by National Guardsmen at Kent State University, the FBI began an extensive investigation that eventually filled some 8,000 pages. Last week Attorney General John Mitchell announced that the reports did not warrant "further action by the Department of Justice." Mitchell said that he agreed with the President's Commission on Campus Unrest that the shooting was "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable." But he found no evidence of a conspiracy among National Guardsmen to shoot the students. Nor, he said, was there any "likelihood of successful prosecutions of individual Guardsmen. We can only hope that any type of recurrence can be avoided by this experience and that incidents like this will never again be a part of our national life."

Thus 15 months of repeated, detailed inquiry ended with only a pious wish. Robert White, president of Kent State, found Mitchell's decision acceptable. In Lorain, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schroeder, parents of one of the dead students, said bitterly: "Until now, we have had faith in our system of government." The four sets of parents also issued a joint statement. The decision not to convene a federal grand jury, they said, "is nearly as great a shock as that which came to us when our children were killed."

Saratoga Auction: The Very Elegant Crap Game

The son of a Hall of Fame horseman (Bill Winfrey, trainer of Native Dancer), TIME Correspondent Carey Winfrey spent his first 15 Augusts in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Now 30, he returned last week for the annual thoroughbred yearling sales. His report:

IN the early evening's cool, the uninvited maneuvered for a position near the glass, while under bright lights inside, the horsy rich gossiped, complained about the location of their seats, shifted their jewels and studied their catalogues. From high on a rostrum center stage, a young man in a tuxedo surveyed the all-white crowd, then once again rapped his gavel and begged for silence. When it came at last, he rev-

lers sat on hard wooden chairs, and the average price for a yearling was closer to \$5,000. The auctioneer's chant was only occasionally interrupted by Announcer Humphrey Finney. Eyeglasses perched precariously at the end of his nose, he chastised the audience in thick British accents: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we're way too low on this filly. She's out of a stakes-winning mare by a half brother to the winner of the St. Leger." Then the auctioneer would continue, building purposefully to that inevitable climactic gavel rap: "Are you all through? At fifty-five hundred and . . . six, you want him? Fifty-five hundred and . . . BAM, the gavel would come down, and the gentleman in the fifth row who had firmly decided he

the proceedings by the memory of the 1969 Keeneland sale of Cañonero II, who went for the bargain price of \$1,200 and won the 1971 Kentucky Derby and Preakness. "There's only one thing we're selling," says Auctioneer Ralph Retler. "We're selling dreams."

At Saratoga those dreams come high, cash on the line and no money-back guarantees. For the prospective owners, the odds are worse than at the \$2 window. Of the roughly 24,000 thoroughbreds foaled each year in the U.S., only about half will ever start in a race. Of those who start, only half will win and less than 3% will win a stakes race—where the big purses are.

For every Man O' War or Cañonero II, there are hundreds of auctioned yearlings who race only into obscurity. Saratoga graduates—carefully selected for looks and pedigree—have compiled impressive track records. But for every Derby winner (the Saratoga sales have produced four), there are many high-priced yearlings—Bold Discovery (\$200,000), Love of Learning (\$225,000)—who went on to undistinguished racing careers. "We are selling athletes by the standards of a beauty contest," says John Finney. "It's roughly equivalent to a pro football team drafting 13-year-old players."

This year the glamour yearlings were those sired by Buckpasser, the 1966 horse of the year, who won 25 races and \$1,462,014. The first big surprise of the auction came after only eleven horses had been sold, when a New Jersey computer magnate and racing novice paid \$125,000 for a Native Dancer grandson. Having given his trainer authority to buy the horse, Joseph Taub was eating a leisurely dinner at the time the trainer spent his money. He returned from his meal to borrow a flashlight and inspect his new acquisition in a darkened stall. The highlight came Thursday, when a three-way bidding contest for a bay son of Buckpasser ended with Mrs. Marion duPont Scott the victor; price, \$235,000. While the auctions offer a newcomer like Taub a way to break into racing, most of the Saratoga yearlings are sold to barely more than a hundred regular customers—owners with established stables and breeders looking to diversify their bloodstock.

For all the egalitarianism of betting windows on track or off, the owning of first-class thoroughbreds remains the province of the rich. John Finney says that he would advise a newcomer with only half a million dollars to spend to avoid the Saratoga sales and get his first wet at cheaper auctions later in the year. And he confides: "What we're dealing in is a very elegant crap-shooting game. What passes for wisdom in it depends on what you can shoot for and still be prepared to lose."



PARADING A YEARLING BEFORE BUYERS
The bidding jumps \$150 a second.

erentially intoned the pedigree of the skittish filly in the ring below, then turned the microphone over to the man beside him. "Well-I-I-I . . ." began the second man in a rolling baritone, "who'll give 10,000 to start? I got five, six, seven. All right now, who'll give 10,000 for a, who'll bid 10,000 dalla billa, billa, billa, willya, willya . . ."

Thus last week—for the 51st time—began the Saratoga yearling sales, considered by knowledgeable horsemen to be the Tiffany's of thoroughbred horse auctions. Four evenings later, a total of 224 yearling thoroughbreds (\$6,841,100 worth) had passed under the auctioneer's hammer for an average price of \$30,541, an all-time Saratoga high.

In the early 1950s the sales were held in the open air under a tent, the bid-

der could spend no more than \$3,500 for the filly would suddenly find himself signing a slip for \$5,500.

Today the bidding jumps at the rate of \$150 per second, often to six figures. Humphrey Finney has passed the company presidency on to his son John. The new \$500,000 pavilion, used but one week a year, features more than a thousand cushioned chairs, an art exhibit, and closed-circuit television inside and out. Still, the sales at Saratoga—American racing's most traditional and posh resort—are essentially unchanged since that evening in 1918 when Samuel Riddle bid up to \$5,000 for a handsome chestnut colt. They named him Man O' War, and Fasig-Tipton—the company that conducts the auction for 5% of the gross—has been packing them in ever since. The rising price scales remain unaffected by recession, famine, or even an epidemic of Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis. This year special spice was added to

* Though less of a social watering spot, the summer sales at Keeneland boast no less inflated prices. It was there in 1968 that a Norfolk, Va., grocery-chain owner outbid the late Charles Engelhard to set a still unbroken record: \$405,000 for a filly, Reine Enchanteur.

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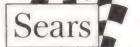
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GROMYKO WITH INDIRA GANDHI IN NEW DELHI



"So much for that sacred cow."

Moscow: Success in India, Fear of China

THERE is no summer slowdown where some of the world's more stubborn quarrels are concerned: Catholics and Protestants in Ulster; Arabs and Israelis (and, increasingly, Arabs and Arabs) in the Middle East; Hindus and Moslems (not to mention Bengalis and Punjabis) on the Indian subcontinent. These discords are at once so enduring, so volatile and so impassioned that they sometimes make the quarrels among the superpowers seem rational and readily soluble. Indeed, in a week when the communiqués of conflict bore datelines like Belfast, Beirut and Dacca, it is noteworthy that the Big Four were inching closer to a settlement of the Berlin problem, a hangover from the days of World War II.

The most interesting news to emerge last week, however, involved the intervention of a superpower in the bloodiest and potentially the most dangerous of the world's atavistic conflicts. Moscow hailed its 20-year treaty of non-aggression and mutual cooperation with New Delhi as a move designed to forestall total warfare between India and Pakistan. It probably is that in part, but the accord, by apparently ending India's nonalignment, also promises important benefits for the Soviet Union. It gives the Russians influence and status on the Indian subcontinent, perhaps including ports of call and bunkering facilities for the Soviet Union's growing Indian Ocean fleet. Most important, the treaty was a countermeasure to the stunning U.S. move toward Peking. In the long perspective, most observers would bet on China rather than on India as a major military and industrial power of the future. Nevertheless, in aligning with India, Asia's second most populous nation, Moscow gains an important ally

in its dispute with China—one that could be the springboard for a Soviet treaty system throughout Asia. It is too soon to tell whether a pattern is about to freeze into place—India and Russia lined up against Pakistan, China and the U.S.—but such a chronic confrontation could be dangerous.

Critical Juncture. On balance, the pact is a significant success for Soviet foreign policy at a time when the Kremlin has had a surfeit of diplomatic setbacks. Nor is there any doubt that it was a disturbing defeat for U.S. policy (see box). The treaty was signed less than 24 hours after Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko arrived in New Delhi on a visit that had been announced only 48 hours earlier. Before a cheering crowd estimated at 1,500,000 people on the day of the signing, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi insisted convincingly that the treaty does not alter India's longstanding policy of nonalignment. "We must understand," she said, "that if we are strong, tens of countries will come to our assistance. If we are weak, none will help us."

The pact was quickly approved by the Indian Parliament, even winning the support of some of the opposition right-wing parties. A.B. Vajpayee, leader of the archconservative Jana Sangh, spoke for most when he declared that the treaty had found a friend for India at a critical juncture. In the five months since the Pakistani civil war broke out, India's economy has been seriously set back by an influx of 8,000,000 East Pakistani refugees. The cost of supporting them has already mounted to more than \$300 million, of which other nations, led by the U.S., have contributed only \$125 million. Two weeks ago, with India feeling the economic strain—and

feeling increasingly isolated as well—New Delhi dispatched D.P. Dhar, former Indian ambassador to the Soviet Union, to Moscow. In less than 36 hours the treaty was put together. Dhar brought it back to New Delhi the day before Gromyko arrived.

The nonaggression treaty calls for economic, scientific and technological cooperation. Unlike the NATO pact, it does not commit either nation to an armed response in the event of an attack on the other. Western diplomats said its wording compared more with the CENTO and SEATO treaties. It is only the second of its kind between Moscow and any world capital outside the Communist camp, the other being a 15-year treaty signed with Egypt in May.

The Soviet-Indian pact seems to have been inspired by Leonid Brezhnev's call at the World Communist Party Conference in Moscow in 1969 for a "system of collective security in Asia," a statement reflecting the Russians' growing concern over what they called Chinese "imperialism." Actually, Moscow's influence on the subcontinent has been growing steadily. Since 1955, India has received \$1.4 billion in Soviet aid. Some estimates are that 70% to 80% of India's industrial defense capacity has been supplied by the Soviet Union.

Groove Consequence. If Pakistan's threats of war provided the impetus for India's action, Richard Nixon's sudden decision to visit Peking continued to worry the Russians. One sign of nervousness: four major articles on China appeared in the Soviet press last week alone. The most important one, titled "Questions Calling for a Practical Answer," was written by Georgy Arbatov,

continued on page 16

The View from Washington: Self-Inflicted Wound

THE Soviet-Indian friendship treaty taught the Nixon Administration flut-footed. Secretary of State William Rogers broke the official silence over the pact only to comment weakly: "We hope it may have an effect for the good." Indian officials in New Delhi and Washington hastened to assure American policymakers that the document was in no way directed against the U.S. But there was no disguising that Washington was wounded—and that the wound was largely self-inflicted. In its overriding preoccupation with India's two greatest enemies, Pakistan and China, the U.S. simply left New Delhi nowhere to go but Moscow. Said the liberal daily *Hindustan Times* of New Delhi, which was unhappy about the treaty: "The U.S. has pushed India much further along than where it might have ventured on its own."

India has posed special problems for U.S. policymakers ever since Jawaharlal Nehru adopted his policy of mildly Moscow-oriented neutralism. Almost invariably the Indians were more sensitive to Moscow's reactions than to Washington's. They relied heavily on receiving forbearance and understanding from the U.S. These qualities were not always forthcoming from U.S. officials who had little use for nonalignment and none at all for New Delhi's sometimes patronizing and irritating moral preachments.

Since 1951, to be sure, the U.S. has given far more aid to India than has anyone else—nearly \$10 billion. But much of it was in the undramatic form of food shipments; the Soviets, who rank fifth among India's patrons over nearly two decades, got far more mileage with high-visibility projects such as steel mills. At the same time, the U.S. has given an estimated \$1 billion in military assistance to Pakistan, a member of the SEATO and CENTO alliances. John Kennedy, it is true, rushed \$80 million in war supplies to New Delhi when the Sino-Indian border war erupted in 1962. But, though Washington stopped arms deliveries to both countries when the Pakistan-India war erupted in 1965, the mantle of nonpartisan peacemaker went to the Soviets, who sponsored the truce talks at Tashkent.

Last year Indira Gandhi fired Soviet-lining Foreign Minister Dinesh Singh and replaced him with the genuinely neutralist Swaran Singh (no kin). Said one Indian Foreign Office source: "Under Swaran Singh we evolved a new style toward the U.S. which did nothing to rub America the wrong way." The U.S., however, rubbed India very much the wrong way when the Pakistani civil war broke out.

After the shooting started last March, the U.S. consul-general in Dacca, Ar-

cher K. Blood, asked Washington for a quick, forthright condemnation of the central government's brutal crackdown. But Joseph S. Farland, the U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan and a Nixon political appointee, argued that the U.S. should do nothing to displease Yahya and thereby drive him into Peking's arms. In Washington, Farland's pleas for "quiet diplomacy" won out. The official policy was deliberately ambiguous. There was no condemnation, no reproach, only a promise to stop military sales and hold economic aid "in abeyance" for fiscal year 1972 (the House rejected the Administration's \$132 million Pakistan aid request outright and the Senate is expected to follow suit). In New Delhi, aging Ambassador Kenneth

State conceded that \$4,000,000 in Pakistan-bound arms remains "in the pipeline." The final straw, Indian officials say, came when Henry Kissinger blew into New Delhi en route to Rawalpindi last month. According to the Indians, Kissinger warned that "if China entered the fray between India and Pakistan, India must not expect any help from the U.S." When it was learned that Kissinger had gone on to Peking, his caveat took on a conspiratorial cast. Fearful of total diplomatic isolation, the Indians turned to the Soviets.

Considering the shocks his announcement has produced in Japan and now India, it appears that Nixon made a mistake in not taking steps to cushion the

INDIA: PANA—INDIA



PROTESTERS AWAITING HENRY KISSINGER'S ARRIVAL IN NEW DELHI LAST MONTH

Keating, 71, protested that quiet diplomacy was having no appreciable effect on Yahya and was confusing the Indians. Keating, who is said to be in deep despair, was ignored, and Blood was transferred to State's personnel office in Washington. Soon word went out that the policy of not being hostile to Yahya had been personally endorsed by President Nixon.

In India's view, U.S. diplomacy was not quiet but downright deceitful. When Swaran Singh visited Washington last June, he was assured by Administration officials that no U.S. arms would flow to Pakistan. Singh returned home just as the news came out that some arms shipments were being made after all. Washington clumsily explained that there had been an "administrative oversight" involving sales licensed before the embargo was imposed. Last week

impact. According to some observers, he failed to do so not merely because he wanted to preserve secrecy and maximum dramatic effect for his announcement, but also because of his general preoccupation with big-power diplomacy and his rather cavalier attitude toward the Third World.

Chester Bowles, writing in *Foreign Affairs*, tells this story: "When asked, 'What is the basis of Soviet foreign policy in Asia?' a Soviet official recently replied with an eye to America's pullback from Asia. 'We simply occupy the empty seats.' The U.S. should have tried hard for an evenhanded attitude toward both countries when trouble first loomed over the subcontinent last spring. But it did not. The result is that the Soviets are moving into the Indian seat, while the U.S. occupies its perilous and unstable perch in Pakistan."

director of Moscow's U.S.A. Research Institute and widely regarded as the Kremlin's foremost Americanologist. It described the Nixon trip as "a matter of grave consequence for the Soviet people, for world socialism, for the entire international situation, for world peace."

Burden of Accommodation. Demonstrating considerable sophistication about the U.S., Arbatov noted that not "all Americans who favor an improvement in U.S.-China relations are motivated by hostility toward other socialist countries," meaning Soviet Russia. But some of the U.S. champions of a rapprochement with Peking are also "rabid haters of the Soviet Union," added Arbatov, and that "cannot but make one think." He noted the widespread antiwar feeling in the U.S. and the desire for international relaxation, but added that Moscow ought to take "the statements about Washington's peace-loving intentions and good will seriously" only if they are combined with U.S. accommodation on Viet Nam, the Middle East, the arms race and the European security treaty. Arbatov reached a semipessimistic conclusion suggesting that "events will develop in another direction," with U.S. policy unchanged on everything except China. All this seemed to place too much of the burden of accommodation on the U.S. Nevertheless, the article seemed in some ways to constitute a plea for U.S.-Soviet cooperation and a warning against an anti-Soviet coalition between Washington and Peking.

The matter is also believed to have been discussed at the hastily called Crimean summit conference two weeks ago attended by all Soviet bloc countries except Rumania. In what was read by observers as an outgrowth of that conference, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, a leading Soviet weekly, last week reprinted a Polish article rebuking Rumania for taking a neutral position in the Chinese-Soviet dispute. In an even harsher tone the official Hungarian daily *Magyar Hirlap* reported that Chinese Premier Chou En-lai would visit Albania, Yugoslavia and Rumania this fall. Since all three nations have asserted varying degrees of independence from Moscow, the Budapest paper warned that Chou's junket "has an anti-Soviet edge." For the first time, the paper also spoke of a "Tirana-Belgrade-Bucharest" axis.

Countering China. Oddly enough, China's Chou, in his interview with New York Timesman James Reston, expressed a parallel concern (see *TIME* Press). His government, he indicated, was worried about what they feel are Japanese aggressive designs for a Tokyo-Taipei-Seoul linkup. At one point during the interview, in fact, Reston told the Premier: "Nothing has surprised me quite as much since coming here as the vehemence of your feeling about Japan." Obviously, however, Peking's principal preoccupation is with its conflict with the Soviet Union.

Peking's fears are reciprocated by

the Russians. Even before a Nixon trip to Peking was in the offing, observers felt that the Soviet preoccupation with China was a principal reason the Russians were eager to stabilize and formalize the status quo on their western flank. In recent months the Soviets have moved for a settlement on Berlin, reiterated their desire for a European Security Conference aimed at recognition of the existing borders of Eastern Europe, and cooperated with West Germany's Willy Brandt in negotiating the Treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, both of which formalize existing boundaries. Thus, while the Indian treaty in some ways represents a bold Soviet foreign policy initiative, it can also be seen as one more move by Moscow to counter China.



BENGALI GUERRILLAS WITH MUJIB CALENDAR
A snowball's chance of acquittal.

PAKISTAN

Mujib's Secret Trial

"Our people will react violently to this," a member of the Bengali liberation underground whispered to *TIME* Correspondent David Greenway in Dacca last week. The warning proved all too true. Sheik Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, 51, fiery leader of East Pakistan and the man who may hold the key to ending the bloody five-month-old civil war, had just gone on trial for his life before a secret military court in West Pakistan, more than 1,500 miles away. Late that same afternoon, a bomb exploded in the lobby of Dacca's Intercontinental Hotel.

Flash and Roar. Correspondent Greenway, who suffered a concussion in the blast, cabled: "I was standing in front of the cigar store in the lobby

when, with a flash and a roar, the wall a few feet in front of me seemed to buckle and dissolve. I was flung to the floor. That was fortunate, because great chunks of bricks and concrete flew over me, crashing through the lobby and blowing men and furniture through the plate-glass windows onto the sidewalk.

"Part of an air duct came down on my head and I could not move. There was thick, choking smoke and water spewing from broken pipes. Soon the smoke began to clear. People milled about the crumpled, crying victims lying bleeding on the lawn. None, luckily, was dead. One girl, an employee of the hotel, had been completely buried under three feet of rubble. When they dug her out, all she could say was: 'I knew I should not have come to work today.'"

The timing of the bombing tends to confirm that Mujib's trial will further stiffen Bengali resistance to the occupying West Pakistani army. If there are any chances of a political settlement—and they seem almost nonexistent—imposition of the death penalty could dash them.

Strict Secrecy. Mujib's political role and his astonishing popularity in East Pakistan in a sense precipitated the civil war (*TIME* cover, Aug. 2). In last December's elections for a constitutional assembly, his Awami League won an overwhelming 167 of 169 seats in the East. That was enough to guarantee Mujib a majority in the 313-seat national assembly, and ensured that he would have become Prime Minister of Pakistan. It was also enough to alarm President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan and the West Pakistani establishment, which has run the geographically divided country since its partition from India in 1947. Yahya and Co. feared that Mujib's ascendancy would mean far greater autonomy for the long-exploited East Pakistanis, and the Pakistani army ruthlessly moved to crush the Bengali movement.

There is little doubt that Mujib will be convicted of the undefined charges of "waging war against Pakistan and other offenses." When he was arrested last March 26, hours after the army crackdown, Yahya publicly branded him a traitor and hinted that he "might not live." Observed one Western diplomat last week: "You know how hot the Punjabi plains are this time of year. You might say Mujib has a snowball's chance of acquittal."

Though everything about the trial is shrouded in secrecy, it was learned last week that the proceedings are being held in a new, one-story red-brick jail in the textile city of Lyallpur, 150 miles south of Rawalpindi. Islamabad sources claim that the strict secrecy is necessary to prevent Bengali rebels from trying to rescue Mujib. More likely it is because Yahya is unwilling to give

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SENATOR KENNEDY AT REFUGEE HOSPITAL NEAR CALCUTTA
"Thank you for coming," read the placards.

Mujib a public platform. When the sheik was tried in 1968, also on charges of treason stemming from his demands for East Pakistan's autonomy, the trial was aborted amid widespread antigovernment protests. But not before Mujib's British lawyer managed to make the government "look utterly silly," as one diplomat recalled.

Second Home. A man of vitality and vehemence, Mujib became the political Gandhi of the Bengalis, symbolizing their hopes and voicing their grievances. Not even Pakistan's founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, drew the million-strong throngs that Mujib has twice attracted in Dacca. Nor, for that matter, has any subcontinent politician since Gandhi's day spent so much time behind bars for his political beliefs—a little over ten years. "Prison is my other home," he once said.

If Mujib's courage and bluntness got him into trouble frequently in the past, at least his family was spared. Now that is not so sure. Last week Mujib's brother, a businessman named Sheikh Abu Nasser, turned up in New Delhi with only the tattered clothes on his back. Nasser told how Mujib's aged parents (his father is 95, his mother 80) were driven from their home by Pakistani troops. Their house was burned, their servants shot and they have not been heard from since. Nasser did not know whether his wife and six children were dead or alive. He had hoped, he said, that Senator Edward Kennedy, who last week visited India's refugee camps on a fact-finding mission as chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Refugees, might be able to learn their whereabouts. But the Pakistani government refused Kennedy permission to visit either East or West Pakistan. Kennedy, who trudged through mud and drenching rains, was greeted by refugees carrying hand-painted placards. KENNEDY, THANK YOU FOR COMING.

He and an M.I.T. nutrition expert with him noted the appalling effects of malnutrition on the children, many already blind from vitamin A deficiencies, others irrevocably mentally retarded.

Though Mujib is accused of advocating secession for East Pakistan, the fact is that he did not want a total split-up of Pakistan and never declared independence until it was done in his name after the bloodbath began. To keep his young millions in line, he spoke of "emancipation" and "freedom." "But there is no question of secession," Mujib often said. "We only want our due share. Besides, East Pakistanis are in a majority, and it is ridiculous to think that the majority would secede from the minority."

Yahya recently told a visitor, "My generals want a trial and execution." Still, there is a feeling that Pakistan's President might spare Mujib's life. With hopes for a united Pakistan all but ended by the civil war, keeping Mujib alive would leave open one last option—negotiating the divorce of East and West in peace rather than war.

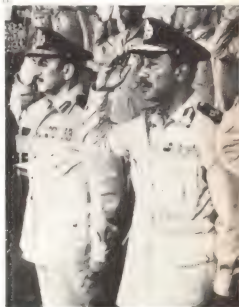
MIDDLE EAST A Desert Battle And a Deadline

Jordan's King Hussein has intermittently rubbed the Syrian military regime the wrong way ever since he began his repression of the Palestinian guerrillas in earnest. Last month's final drive, which all but extinguished the fedayeen presence in the Jerash woods of northern Jordan, so upset Damascus that Syria closed her border with Jordan. The decision disrupted the usual heavy road traffic between Amman and Beirut and forced Jordan to route its phosphate exports and all imports through its only port at Aqaba.

Last week the crackle of machine-

gun fire and the dull thud of mortars rent the still, dry air along the border. Rival communiqués were, as customary, completely contradictory. According to Damascus, a Jordanian armored unit raked a Syrian observation post with machine-gun fire; in retaliation, Syrian gunners destroyed five Jordanian tanks. According to Amman, an "unidentified force" started the action, and Jordan retaliated by destroying five Syrian tanks, a gun position, and an observation post. In any event, by week's end Syria had broken relations with Jordan, following similar action taken by Libya and Algeria in the last two months.

Battle of Destiny. Despite the deployment of troops, a blowup of the conflict between Syria and Jordan is still an extremely remote possibility. Far more worrisome would be the revival of hostilities at another Middle Eastern battleground, the Suez Canal. Last week Editor Hassanein Heikal wrote in Cairo's authoritative *Al-Ahram* that Egypt's President Anwar Sadat had given Washington until early this week to produce diplomatic results with the Israelis. Did that mean Egypt would resume its "war of attrition" if decisive results were not forthcoming, particularly concerning an Israeli pullback from the canal's east bank? Not likely, given Israel's continuing military superiority. Rather, the article seemed part of Sadat's attempt simultaneously to put pressure on Washington and placate Egypt's increasingly restive army officers. As part of that campaign, Sadat personally donned an army general's uniform last week (for the first time in years) to give an audience of military intelligence officers a pep talk on the coming "battle of destiny and honor" against Israel.



EGYPT'S SADAT AT PEP TALK FOR OFFICERS
Dressing up for destiny.

Northern Ireland: Violent Jubilee

DOHERTY, August 10, 1971, shot by British army. Edward, beloved husband of Marie, rest in peace. Mary, Queen of Ireland, pray for him.

AFTER four days and nights of guerrilla warfare, a ghostly stillness settled over Northern Ireland. But the rubble, the occasional curls of smoke and the death notices in the newspapers remained as hideous reminders of the worst outbreak of civil strife in the 50 years since the partition of Ireland. In its brief span, the fighting claimed the lives of 25 men and women, including three of the 12,500 British troops on

Irish Republican Army (the I.R.A.) had not resorted to mass terrorism. Nonetheless, the outburst marked a reversion to outright religious warfare. From Protestant and Catholic alike comes the warning in that pungent northern twang: "There's going to be a bloodbath, I'm afayud."

Siege Mentality. To foreigners who have never known the Northern Irish or seen the drab, mean slums of their cities, it seems all but incomprehensible that a corner of Great Britain, that most gentle and civilized of lands, should be beset in this day and age by a holy war. Ulstermen themselves have often

moralized the young apprentices who closed the city gates against the forces of the Catholic King James II in 1688. Such celebrations are not merely reminders of a rich heritage; they are also reassertions of dominance over the Catholics of the north and of vigilance against the Catholics of the south. Both of Northern Ireland's tribes are beset by a siege mentality: Ulster's approximately 500,000 Catholics feel politically powerless at the hands of its 1,000,000 Protestants; the Protestants in turn feel threatened by the 2,700,000 Catholics of the Irish Republic to the south.

The present chapter of Ulster's troubled history stems from the rise of a predominantly Catholic civil rights movement in the late 1960s. Slowly, grudgingly, the province's perpetually Protestant and conservative Unionist Party government made concessions to the long-neglected Catholics. Property qualifications for local elections were scrapped; public housing, which had heavily favored Protestants, was removed from political control; a system of gerrymandering that had ensured Protestant rule over the heavily Catholic city of Londonderry was abolished. Most important, from the Catholic viewpoint, was that the Protestant police auxiliary (the notorious "B Specials") was disbanded; and the regular police force, also strongly Protestant, was stripped of its paramilitary duties.

Cold-Blooded Murder. The reforms came too slowly to satisfy the Catholics fully, and they enraged the Protestants. Riots flared in 1969, and the British army moved in to establish barbed-wire "peace lines."

While Ulster seethed, two governments fell in quick succession under persistent attack from such Protestant extremists as the Rev. Ian Paisley and former Home Minister William Craig. Brian Faulkner, Northern Ireland's third Premier in 23 months, took office last March in a period of rising unrest. As a gesture of conciliation, Faulkner advocated the establishment of three new parliamentary committees, two of which would be chaired by opposition members. But Protestant and Catholic alike were lukewarm to the plan. As friction increased early this summer, Catholic opposition leaders boycotted the Ulster Parliament and threatened to set up their own alternative assembly. Guerrilla incidents, meanwhile, were on the increase—caused in most cases by the militant "provisional" wing of the old I.R.A., which favors violent means to achieve union with the Irish Republic. One of the ugliest incidents was the cold-blooded murder—still unsolved—of three young off-duty British soldiers, who were lured from a Belfast pub last March and shot on a lonely road.

Last week's violence was set off by a tragic accident and the harsh action of



CATHOLIC RIOTER THROWING STONE AT BRITISH SOLDIER
In a corner of a gentle and civilized land, a holy war.

duty in Northern Ireland. It sent at least 5,500 Catholics streaming over the southern border into the Irish Republic; it forced at least 1,500 Protestants to flee their homes; and it destroyed millions of dollars worth of property, including 500 homes and 50 factories and stores, in a region that was already one of Europe's most impoverished.

Yet the citizens of that embattled and bloody anachronism—known to its Protestant majority as Ulster and to its Catholic minority as "the Six Counties"—could thank their separate but equal gods that the toll had been no greater than it was.

Ulstermen could also be grateful that the peak of violence passed without an immediate widening of the conflict. The government had not declared a general curfew or a state of martial law; a widespread Protestant backlash against Catholic militancy had not appeared; and members of the illegal

argued that the real issue is not religion but a complex combination of economics (an entrenched Protestant majority preserving its job preferences over a poorer Catholic minority) and political allegiance (to the British Crown or to a reunited Ireland). But as Irish Scholar Conor Cruise O'Brien, a leader of the Irish Labor Party, once observed, such arguments seem mostly designed to serve an Ulsterman's need for a particular image of himself and his nation. That image, "if not altogether respectable, is at least modern: 'We are not really living in the Middle Ages. So this is not a religious war: it is political. Twentieth century!'"

Basically, the tragedy of Northern Ireland is rooted in the 17th century and not the 20th. Protestant Orangemen still commemorate the victory of the Protestant William of Orange in 1690 in the Battle of the Boyne; in Londonderry the annual Apprentice Boys parade me-

a weak government. When a small delivery truck backfired at a traffic light in Belfast, a nervous British sentry apparently mistook the sound for a sniper's shot and gunned down the driver, a Catholic father of six. Catholic passions quickly rose to the flash point, and Protestant right-wingers demanded that British troops "take the gloves off."

A few days earlier, already under pressure to smash the I.R.A., Faulkner had flown to London for a secret meeting with British Prime Minister Edward Heath. Faulkner and Heath agreed to invoke the special powers of preventive detention—i.e., imprisonment without trial—for suspected subversives. Heath attempted to divert suspicion of impending emergency action by going back to his yachting immediately. A few days later he led Britain to victory in the internationally contested Admiral's Cup races.

Psychopathic Revulsion. At dawn one morning last week, soldiers began hammering on doors in Belfast, Londonderry and half a dozen smaller towns in Ulster, rounding up some 300 suspected members of the I.R.A. "We are acting," said Faulkner, "not to suppress freedom but to allow the overwhelming mass of our people to enjoy freedom from fear of the gunman, of the nightly explosion, of kangaroo courts and all the apparatus of terrorism." Then in a mild concession to Catholic opinion, he slapped a six-month ban on all parades, including the potentially explosive Apprentice Boys of Derry march scheduled for last week.

Northern Ireland's Catholics were furious. "There is one issue on which virtually every Catholic, moderate and extremist, antipartition and pro-partition, is united," said a Catholic lawyer in Belfast, "and that is an almost psychopathic revulsion toward internment." In its roundup, however, the army failed to snare many key ac-



FIRES RAGING IN FARRINGTON GARDENS
"No Catholic will get these houses."

tivists. Some arrests were based on ten-year-old dossiers. Besides, as one I.R.A. leader told TIME Correspondents Curtis Prendergast and John Shaw, many men went into hiding or crossed into the Irish Republic after learning that jail cells in Belfast were being cleared to make room for detainees.

Bonfire Barricades. In no time savage fighting broke out in the cities, particularly in Belfast's Catholic ghettos of Ardoyne, Falls Road and Ballymurphy. Bonfire barricades blazed throughout West Belfast, and petrol bombs arched in the night sky like Roman candles.

Perhaps the most tragic symbol of the violence was a huge fire in Belfast's Farrington Gardens, a "mixed" area where Protestants had lived peacefully beside Catholics for a generation. As fears rose, extremists set some 200 houses ablaze; many were Protestants destroying their own homes before fleeing to safer districts. "We're getting out," said one, "but no Catholic will get these houses." A Catholic resident lamented, "In winter we used to shovel snow off each other's paths; now everybody is cutting each other's throat."

Inevitably, a shower of bullets fell on the innocent. A parish priest was killed in a crossfire just after he administered the last rites to a man he thought was dying; the man survived to tell the story. On a Belfast street a young man, one of 13 children of an unemployed laborer, wept uncontrollably as he told his sister: "They say Dad's dead; they say he's in the morgue."

The fighting covered a wider section of Belfast than ever before. But still, much of Ulster's middle class remained physically untouched by the turmoil. Odd patches of tranquillity survived in the very midst of danger. As he dodged stones and petrol bombs, Correspondent Shaw looked inside a window to see three middle-aged women placidly watching a television documentary about East Africa.

In Londonderry, as Protestants were hanging out their anniversary Union Jacks and repainting their murals of "King Billy" (William of Orange), 400

Catholic women and girls marched up from the raw new apartments of the Bogside to the ancient city walls. They chanted, "Oh we hate the British soldiers, yes we do, yes we do," lifting the hats of British sentries as they marched past. The demonstration was organized by Bernadette Devlin, who as a representative from Mid-Ulster is the youngest Member of Parliament at Westminster. Bernadette, 23, was too pregnant (by a man she has refused to name) to march, so she rode in a loudspeaker car. Her political stock has clearly been lifted by the crisis and by her return to the barricades. As one priest joked, "If she were the hoor of Babylon, we'd elect her now."

Tantamount to Heresy. By the time a chill rain ended the fighting on the fourth day, I.R.A. leaders were claiming that their cause had been strengthened. Their strategy is to force Faulkner into a spiral of violence leading to suspension of the Ulster government and a return to direct rule by London for the first time in 50 years; finally, they

SOLDIER FRISKING SUSPECTS



BELFAST WOMAN WAVING EIRE FLAG



Like Ghosts Crying Out

It is one of the supreme ironies of Ireland's history that a mid-12th century Pope first granted the land to England. For centuries thereafter the English fiftily sought to establish their dominion over the warlike yet poetry-intoxicated Gaelic tribes. It was not until the Reformation, however, that London determined once and for all to bring Ireland and its stubborn Catholics to heel. English colonies were "planted" on Irish soil, often with great bloodshed; sometimes peasants were stripped naked and thrown into bogs for the amusement of the invaders. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, poet Edmund Spenser witnessed the horrors and described the wretched survivors: "Out of every corner of the woods and glens, they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs would not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death: they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves."

Ulster proved to be the most difficult section of Ireland to subdue, with its strong tradition of the old Gaelic order of poets, *brethons* (jurists), chroniclers and powerful lordships still intact. Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell, with the help of the Spaniards, successfully fought Elizabeth's minions for more than a decade. But in 1603, after the Battle of Kinsale, they capitulated. O'Neill led his Catholic chiefs in the "Flight of the Earls" to the Continent, leaving Ulster open to the infamous "plantation" of 1608. The earls' vast lands were forfeited to English and Scottish colonizers, who in turn were pledged to settle them with British farmers of the Protestant faith. These new landowners began the harsh social and economic domination of Ulster's Roman Catholics.

In 1689 the exiled Catholic King of England, James II, landed in Ireland to fight to reclaim his throne from William of Orange. But James failed to take Londonderry, despite a 105-day siege, and the following year, at the Battle of the Boyne, he was finally defeated and fled to France. By 1700 the Catholics owned only one-seventh of their own soil.

The enmity that existed between the imported Scottish and English "planters" and the oppressed native Gaels was deepened by religious hatred between Catholic and Protestant. A venomous drinking toast dating back to the early days of the Protestant Orange Order illustrates how savage feelings were:

"To the glorious, pious and immortal memory of King William the Third, who saved us from Rogues and Roguery, Slaves and Slavery, Knaves and Knavery, Popes and Popery, from brass money and wooden shoes; and whoever denies this toast may be slammed, crammed and jammed into the muzzle

of the gun of Athlone and the gun fired into the Pope's belly, and the Pope into the Devil's belly, and the Devil into Hell, and the door locked and the key in an Orangeman's pocket; and may we never lack a brisk Protestant boy to kick the arse of a Papist."

The worst afflictions, however, were the Penal Laws passed by the Parliament in Dublin to ensure the continued supremacy of the Protestant minority. Protestant Wolfe Tone characterized the laws as "that execrable and infamous code, framed with the art and the malice of demons, to plunder and degrade and brutalize the Catholics." Execrable they were. Catholic priests were branded on the cheek with a red-hot iron if they failed to register their names and the names of their parishes. Catholics were excluded from political life and forbidden their own schools. They were not permitted to marry Protestants, acquire land from a Protestant, carry arms or own a horse worth more than £5.

Impoverished by these laws, Ulster's Catholics were willing to work on farms for far lower wages than the Presbyterian peasantry. At the "Battle of the Diamond" in County Armagh in 1795, Protestant peasants beat up Catholic workers and later that evening founded the Grand Orange Lodge of Ulster. Other Orange lodges soon proliferated and sent howling mobs of Protestants out to brutalize the Catholics. Eventually, the Irish Catholics started terrorist groups of their own.

By the early 20th century, widespread terrorism made it evident to Britain that Ireland was, in the long run, uncontrollable from London. Home rule seemed imminent. The Protestants in Ulster feared for their future in a largely Catholic Ireland. Invoking slogans like "Home Rule Is Rome Rule," the Protestant Ulstermen drafted their own constitution, and pledged to fight the British for the right to remain British. Home rule for Ireland was shelved with the advent of World War I and the "Easter Rising" in Dublin in 1916. But the Irish Republican Army had been created, and it fought a bloody guerrilla war until independence was finally granted in 1921. Ireland was partitioned into the 26 counties forming the Irish Free State in the south and the six counties that make up Northern Ireland.

After an uneasy half-century under this arrangement, the age-old religious hatred, social injustice and tribal attitudes persist, making future peace a questionable prospect. In 1615 Barnaby Rich wrote in his *Anatomy of Ireland*: "The diseases of Ireland are many, and the sickness is grown to that of a contagion, that is almost past cure." His admonition, sadly, is still relevant.

hope, it would lead to a political settlement between London and Dublin.

In Dublin, the Irish Republic's Prime Minister John Lynch condemned the Ulster government for resorting to internment, even though he had threatened to invoke it himself last year against Eire's own I.R.A. activists. He also sent his External Affairs Minister, Dr. Patrick Hillery, to London to seek joint talks with London and Ulster over the crisis. Ulster's Protestant politicians angrily shouted "interference!" To them the idea of a discussion with Dublin is tantamount to heresy.

Even so, many politicians in London were beginning to face the fact that a new solution must be found for Northern Ireland. British Labor Party leaders are leaning toward some sort of Ulster-Eire relationship, perhaps an all-Ireland Council as proposed by former Home



MOURNERS AT PRIEST'S FUNERAL
Where the militants reigned.

Minister James Callaghan. Labor's former Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart went so far as to say that "there can be no solution of this problem except in the context of a united Ireland." The Conservative government, however, is in no mood to tinker with the existing setup. Ulster's Unionists, after all, have provided the Tories with at least nine or ten seats in the British Parliament (out of twelve for Northern Ireland) ever since 1921, and the Tories do not want to antagonize them.

Shaky Survival. For the time being, Ulster's crisis has passed. As Correspondent Prendergast notes: "In Ulster crises come like spasms, and they always subside. Newly burned-out ears

rust away beside the hulks of old ones; in a few weeks it is hard to tell whether a particular building was wrecked in this year's troubles or last year's. Shoppers hardly glance at the signs. BOMB DAMAGE SALE—BIG REDUCTIONS."

But each inning of violence seems worse than the one before, and another eruption would only strengthen the hand of the Protestant hard-liners like Paisley and Craig, who would be tempted to deal with the Catholics as Oliver Cromwell did. Since those with sufficient influence to succeed him are too far to the right to be acceptable to London or to the Catholics, Faulkner would be Ulster's last Prime Minister—and his successor would be a British consul appointed by London and backed by the British army.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature of Ulster's bloody week was the fact that the militants on both sides, who hold the whip hand, were growing in strength while moderates stood helplessly by. As Ivan Cooper, the only Protestant M.P. among the Ulster Parliament's Catholic opposition, says: "In this country, moderate is spelled c-o-w-a-r-d. We have too much religion and not enough Christianity." Ulster's problem is also that it has all too many extremists, sometimes spelled b-i-g-o-t-s.

BERLIN

Fighting Over a Few Words

It was on a sweltering August night ten years ago last week that steel-helmeted East German troops poured out of trucks all along the 25-mile border between East and West Berlin. In a matter of hours, the Communist soldiers had thrown up the hideous concrete-block wall that became the instant symbol of cold war realities. The Western capitals were paralyzed; to respond would be to risk thermonuclear war. Yet in accepting the Berlin Wall, the West was forced to live with the fact that families would be divided and a whole people would be left with no exit. That a city of 3,000,000—2,000,000 of them sealed in the Western sector—should be slashed in two by wire and watchtowers still seems fantastic. But to Berliners the barrier has become oddly familiar, a topic of conversation only on the still frequent occasions when a would-be escapee is shot down while trying to make it to the West.*

Though the Berlin Wall may have become a permanent fixture, West Berlin's role as a pressure point in East-West relations may be coming to an end. Last week, after three days of marathon talks that ran for a total of 23 hours in West Berlin, the Big Four ambassadors (U.S., France, Britain and Soviet Union) were tantalizingly close to a broad agreement that would resolve important aspects of the long unsettled status of the isolated city. Washington



MEMORIALS AT BERLIN WALL FOR 65 EAST GERMANS KILLED IN ATTEMPTED ESCAPES
Where there are roses, there are also thorns.

officials caution that "while we are fighting over relatively few words, they're very important words." The negotiations will resume briefly this week, and could result in final agreement then or when they are reconvened in mid-September.

The 17-month-old talks went into high gear last May, when the Soviets unexpectedly agreed to guarantee free access to West Berlin by rail and autobahn from West Germany, 110 miles away. Currently, the conferees are hung up on a few key details—precisely what the Soviets mean by "unimpeded" access to West Berlin, what political role Bonn will be permitted to play in the city, and whether the Soviets should be allowed to establish a consulate there.

Soviet Ambassador Pyotr Abramov's pithy reports on the progress of the secret sessions ("What is long is good"; "Where there are roses, there are also thorns") have won him a reputation among newsmen as the leading epigrammatist among the Big Four. At the end of last week's three-day session he said only, "No comment." When Abramov is ready to be more specific, it may well indicate that a historic agreement has been struck.

SPAIN

A Crown for Juan Carlos?

Will the Prince of Spain ever become King? Madrid last week was alive with speculation that Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 33, will be crowned in October. The move, which might be announced within the next couple of weeks, will be the most significant political development in Spain since the end of the Civil War in 1939.

Rumors began circulating several weeks ago, when Foreign Minister Gregorio López Bravo arrived in San Sebastián. Spain's summer capital, Generalissimo Francisco Franco, Chief of State, was vacationing on his yacht at Vigo and had summoned López Bravo

to discuss a restoration of the monarchy after a lapse of 40 years. The step is part of Franco's deliberate attempt to relinquish gradually his absolute powers. In July 1969, as the first move in that direction, the Caudillo named Juan Carlos to be Prince of Spain. Next, Franco overhauled the Spanish Cabinet, substituting younger, more moderate personalities for the conservative ministers who in many cases were identified with the Spanish Civil War. Then, last June, it was announced that Juan Carlos would be acting Chief of State in the event of Franco's death, incapacitation or absence from the country. Coronation, the final step, will be accompanied by the designation of a Prime Minister, who will have the real power.

Twilight Zone. Franco apparently intends to preside over the coronation and then retire to private life. At 78, he is in full possession of his faculties; but he insists privately that he does not want to go out as did his neighbor in Portugal, António de Oliveira Salazar, who suffered a stroke and lived his last two years in a twilight zone of helpless incomprehension. More important, Franco, a lifelong monarchist, knows that in Spain there is no great affection for the crown. He also knows that many of his associates, including his probable choice for Prime Minister, Vice President Luis Carrero Blanco, would probably make no effort to restore the monarchy. If Franco does not put a king back upon the throne, no one else will.

Juan Carlos has insisted all along that he would prefer to see his father Don Juan crowned. Franco, however, would not accept Don Juan because of his liberal political and social views and his public attacks on the Franco regime. So Juan Carlos accepted the throne. "It is not a question of Don Juan or Juan Carlos," he told his father, "but whether the monarchy would ever be restored."

* So far, fewer than 5,000 have succeeded, and 65 are known to have died trying.

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Spectral Presence

When he turned up for a packed press conference in a wing of Saigon's Independence Palace last week, South Viet Nam's Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky was clad in an outfit that had everything. It was a light blue, double-breasted, bell-bottomed suit with brass buttons—not quite Western, not exactly the Nehru or Mao style, not really a military tunic, but a little bit of each. Above all, it was distinctive and snappy. So was Ky, as he fought for his political life in the wake of his exclusion by the Supreme Court from this October's presidential elections.

First of all, said Ky, the court's decision to bar him, on the grounds that he lacked enough valid signatures from National Assemblymen and provincial councilmen, was "arbitrary and unlawful." Therefore, he added, he would probably not bother to appeal, since the same result could be expected the second time around. "To achieve his ideal, a fighter has ways to fight—legal and illegal," said Ky. "Until this minute, I still follow the legal way to fight." The implication was perfectly clear that at any moment he might switch to other tactics—and that was the point he wanted to get across. "With rigged elections," said Ky ominously, "the strong reaction of the armed forces and the people cannot be predicted."

Charged Atmosphere. Coups and rumors of coups have been an established part of Viet Nam's political life-style since the overthrow and murder of Ngo Dinh Diem in November 1963. In the current supercharged atmosphere many observers have noted a chilling similarity between then and now. Like Diem, President Nguyen Van Thieu has become increasingly isolated from the realities of Viet Nam and dependent on a small group of advisers who, in the opinion of one former Diem official, are "too self-confident and judge too subjectively." But, unlike 1963, Thieu's government enjoys strong U.S. backing.

Nevertheless, rumors of coups persist as a kind of spectral presence. In a showdown, however, most observers feel that the military would not back Ky but would either remain neutral or support President Thieu.

In any event, Thieu is taking no chances. The number of troops around Independence Palace has been nearly doubled, and security has been increased at the main radio station and public utilities. In recent weeks an old Diem regulation has been revived, which prohibits Vietnamese Air Force planes from overflying Saigon. As a final perverse touch, rumors have been floated that Thieu might launch a phony coup as a pretext to arrest Ky.

Electrifying Platform. In this atmosphere, it is virtually impossible to sort out genuine election issues from the Byzantine rivalries between Viet Nam's leading political figures. General Duong

Van ("Big") Minh, Thieu's only official opponent, is seriously considering withdrawing from the race. That, of course, would reduce the contest to the level of farce, a situation which might in turn force the U.S. to hasten its withdrawal from Viet Nam. Largely for that reason, U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker flew to Washington last week to discuss ways of keeping Minh in the running.

Complicating the picture is a memorandum that Ky is said to have given to Henry Kissinger during his July visit to Saigon. The memorandum, which was reportedly taken back to the White House, spelled out a number of basic points of Ky's electoral platform: 1) Ky would not serve more than twelve



KY AT SUPREME COURT
A fighter has ways.

to 18 months of his four-year term; 2) in that time he would reduce the size of the army and reorganize the government for a genuine political contest with the Communists; 3) he would call for the rewriting of the constitution and would invite the Communists to participate in that exercise as well as in the elections to follow; 4) he would not seek re-election.

An election platform of this kind might border on accommodation with the Communists, but it also might electrify Viet Nam. The general desire for peace is so strong that even a proposal to bring the Communists into the body politic in a spirit of national reconciliation might have overwhelming appeal.

Certainly the alleged proposals fit Ky's image of himself as a national savior.

They dovetail nicely with the realities of American withdrawal and the war weariness of both nations. The only trouble is that they do not jibe with the realities of the situation as seen by Thieu. If the President saw fit, he could use them as a pretext to arrest his Vice President or send him into exile. Was Ky worried? "Many people have tried to arrest me," he smiled. "The intention is one thing. To accomplish it is another."

CHINA

A Massacre of History

"If we are to have relations with Red China," Mississippi Democrat James O. Eastland declared in Washington last week, "let us do so with our eyes open." The conservative Senator's personal contribution to the effort seemed more calculated to make eyes pop. A 46-page study published under the imprimatur of Eastland's Senate Internal Security subcommittee last week blames Mao Tse-tung and his comrades for the deaths of anywhere from 34,300,000 to 63,784,000 Chinese since Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists began fighting Mao Tse-tung's Communists in 1927.

Last month, after Richard Nixon announced his plans to travel to Peking, Eastland ordered the report released. Titled *The Human Cost of Communism in China*, it is the work of Dr. Richard L. Walker, a University of South Carolina scholar known among his fellow Sinologists as a staunch supporter of the Chinese Nationalists. By Walker's reckoning, as many as 3,034,000 were killed in the civil war, the Sino-Japanese War and the Korean War. "Several million landlords" died during the 1949-52 land reform, up to 2,000,000 Chinese during the 1958-61 Great Leap Forward, 500,000 during the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution, as many as 1,000,000 as a result of efforts to suppress minorities in Tibet and other areas, perhaps 25 million in forced labor camps, and up to 30 million in political liquidation campaigns from 1949 to 1958.

Classic Examples. Walker cites many sources—including such Internal Security subcommittee favorites as the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and *Radio Moscow*—for his figures. Conceivably his tabulations could be close to the truth, though most Sinologists doubt it. Mao himself once guessed that 800,000 died during the land seizures of 1949-52, which saw the last mass executions known to have occurred in China. But Sinologist Stuart Schram reckons that the true toll might have run as high as 3,000,000. How many Chinese have been executed, starved or otherwise killed during the years of turmoil since the regime triumphed in 1949? Columbia University China Expert Donald Klein places the total as low as 2,000,000; others say 6,000,000 or 8,000,000. Of course, those figures are all classic examples of the unverifiable statistic (*TIME* ESSAY, Aug. 2), but then so are most of Dr. Walker's.

"It makes a difference how you call Long Distance."



If you dial...

70¢

This is the rate for a three-minute, coast-to-coast, station-to-station call, 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Saturday and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, when you dial it yourself without operator assistance.

If you don't...

\$1.40

This is the rate for that call when you don't dial the call yourself or you need the operator to help you complete it. See the footnote below for conditions under which dial-direct rates do not apply.

Examples of Long Distance rates for station-to-station coast to coast calls

	Operator assisted calls	Dial-direct calls	Your discount when you dial it yourself
Weekends 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sat. and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sun.	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes
Evenings 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. through Fri.	35¢ first 3 minutes	85¢ first 3 minutes	55¢ first 3 minutes
Nights 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. Sat. through Fri.	\$1.40 minimum call (1 minute)	35¢ first minute (minimum call)	\$1.05 on the minimum call
Weekdays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon. through Fri.	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	\$1.35 first 3 minutes	50¢ first 3 minutes

Rates shown (plus tax) are for 15-minute, hour's and duration discounts on station-to-station calls. Rates are even less, of course, on out-of-state calls, for shorter distances. Dial it your self rates apply to all rates of state-to-state calls (without operator assistance) from residence and business, phone - anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) and on calls placed with operator where direct-dialing facilities are unavailable. Dial-direct rates do not apply to pay-to-person calls. Note: guest credit card and collect calls and on calls charged to another number.

Minimum-charge calls, available only at the time shown. Additional minutes are 25¢ each.



PEOPLE

Like anyone in the six-figure bracket, Quarterback **Fran Tarkenton** of the New York Giants has tax problems. So the business-minded scrambler played hooky instead of football in the first pre-season game because the Giants management would not give him a large loan (paying interest on such a loan while putting the money to work is one way to beat the tax man). With the Jets' **Joe Namath** hospitalized by a knee injury, it appeared for a while that pro football fans in New York would have no first-string quarterback playing for them this fall. A meeting between Tarkenton and Giants President **Wellington Mara** clarified matters. Tarkenton would receive a salary reported to be \$125,000, but no loan—period. A contrite Fran promised to be good. "I'm very, very sorry," he said of his brief delinquency. "It was a hasty move."

She may have hit the road with a touring company of the musical *Coco*, but, fumed **Katharine Hepburn**, she has not been reduced to selling pickled herring for a living. Charging that the makers of Vita products had been imitating her distinctively nasal tones in radio commercials, the actress sued the herring marinaters and their advertising agency, Solow, Wexton, Inc., for \$4,000,000 in damages. What they had done, said Hepburn, was to lead her fans to think that she had "stooped to perform below her class, stature, prestige and prominence."

In his announcement that he would run for a second term, San Francisco Mayor **Joseph Alioto** showed no lack of optimism: "San Francisco soars on a fresh wind of change that excites our

people and encourages them to face modern urban problems with the determination and the will to prevail." His Honor will need a good deal of that determination and will himself. He is the defendant in a civil suit over the splitting of legal fees and is also under federal indictment on a conspiracy charge in the same case, which is to be tried in January. As if that were not enough litigation, the retrial of Alioto's \$12.5 million libel suit against *Look* magazine—which accused him of having business associations with mobsters—comes up in December. If the court action hurts his present career, he can always turn to the violin, which he plays with distinction.



TREVINO IN ACAPULCO
Dunking and putting.

While preparing to putt during a friendly Acapulco match, Golf Champion **Lee Trevino** was startled to see an iguana slink onto the green and glare balefully at his golf ball. Trevino gingerly sank a 12-ft. shot from under the lizard's chin, then, since the iguana offered no objections, repeated the performance for local cameramen. The beast departed hurriedly only after Trevino picked it up and dunked it in the pool. When the subject of being Mexican was brought up, Trevino, a Dallas-born Chicano, allowed that he is "making too much money to be Mexican." The poor, durable iguana, he said, is "real Mexican."

It is the first film he has shot in Britain in 21 years, but **Alfred Hitchcock** is not impressed. "London," he grouched, "is just work and a hotel room." Passers-by clustered around his Rolls at every stop in quest of autographs. When one woman said that she merely wanted to

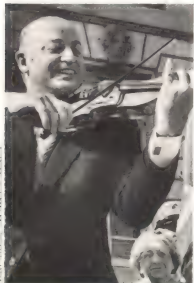


HITCHCOCK IN LONDON
Shooting and pausing.

look at him, Hitchcock cracked: "You could have done that at Madame Tussaud's." On the subject of killing, the movies' biggest murder expert was more upbeat: "When some people present murder, it seems to have a heavy cloud over it. I don't believe this really happens. In real life everyone seems to discuss it fairly cheerfully. It is possible to laugh at a funeral. The first person to be forgotten is always the victim."

Norman Mailer as a sex object? In the September *Esquire*, Feminist **Germaine Greer** recalls her now-historic skirmish with Mailer last April in Manhattan's Town Hall. Before the meeting, says Greer, it became a standing joke that I would seduce Norman Mailer and prove to the breathlessly waiting world that he was the world's worst. In fact, an underground newspaper had offered to commission the field work for such a report. But for Female Chauvinist Germaine, it was ennui at first sight: "I expected a hard, sort of nuggety man, and Mailer was positively blowsy . . . I liked Mailer, but not enough. I disliked him too, but that not enough either."

Her native South Africa lifted her passport and she chose to return her alien's registration card to the U.S., but African Folk Singer **Miriam Makeba** is not exactly a woman without a country. She arrived in Göteborg, Sweden, for a concert tour boasting four passports—from Algeria, Sudan, Tanzania and, of course, Guinea, where Husband **Stokely Carmichael** teaches English and philosophy. "I just take out the most suitable one for the country I'm visiting," said Miriam. Though she claims that American radio stations blacklisted her records for a time because of Carmichael's radical views, she would like to appear in the U.S. again if she can get a visa. "I have been influenced by Stokely," she said, "but I don't choose my songs after his political beliefs."



ALIOTO IN SAN FRANCISCO
Fiddling and litigating.

MODERN LIVING

Polo on Wheels

In some ways, the activity on a green-sward in Southampton, N.Y., last week resembled a regulation polo match. The meaty thwack of a mallet hitting a polo ball punctuated the polite murmur of cultivated sideline conversation as a brightly uniformed player sped toward the goal. But one sound was missing: the thundering hoofbeats of the polo ponies. There was good reason. Instead of riding ponies, the players were astride a variety of bicycles, fiercely competing in a sport that is enjoying a rapid resurgence across the U.S.: bicycle polo.

The rules of bicycle polo are similar to the traditional version, with four players on each side, all trying to swat the white wooden ball between the opposing team's goal posts. Pith helmets or padded caps are required. But the mallets are half-size with 30-in. handles, the field is only a third as large, and a player is limited to three successive hits (compared with the unlimited number in regulation polo). For girls' teams, seldom seen in pony polo, the braless look is *de rigueur*.

Down Cycles. One other difference from traditional polo: the governing U.S. Bicycle Polo Association finds it necessary to outlaw "riding off," bumping another rider, a common practice in pony polo. "A pony is somewhat resilient and can bounce," explains the association's newsletter, "but a bicycle is an uncompromising animal and, if approached to the bouncing point, will promptly tangle itself with whatever it can lay its pedals on."

Bicycle polo was first played 80 years ago in Ireland, on a field fittingly called

The Scalp, and soon spread to the U.S. where the charter club was organized at Milton, Mass., in 1897. In the intervening years, it had brief periods of popularity and was kept alive during its several down cycles largely through the efforts of the Aiken Preparatory School of Aiken, S.C., which uses it to help teach regulation polo. Explains Carlos Conchoso, a New York banker and one of the founders of the U.S.B.P.A.: "It's a good way to develop a feel for the fundamentals, especially for the teamwork that is so necessary."

Winded Riders. In the past few years the inflation (polo ponies cost about \$750 to \$1,000) and the increasing popularity of bicycling have given bicycle polo a new shot in the arm. Clubs have been organized in California, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York, where the U.S.B.P.A. holds practice sessions in Central Park every Tuesday and runs tournaments during weekends on Long Island.

The new generation of enthusiasts is currently engaged in a polite argument over the relative merits of various wheeled mounts. One faction, for example, favors the 18-in.-wheel minibike, which, according to its advocates, is more maneuverable than the 27-in. English model that others prefer.

Though bicycle polo is inexpensive enough for almost anyone, most of its aficionados so far are relatively affluent. In Southampton, for example, the crowd is very social indeed, but weekday practice sessions in Manhattan's Central Park are somewhat more democratic: volunteers are allowed to join the fun when one of the riders becomes winded. Occasionally a pony-polo expert decides to give the game a try. He is usually disappointed. "It's easier on horseback," a high-ranking rider from Colombia discovered last week. "You don't have to pedal the horse."

They Wanted Wings

Kenneth Piper last April became the first man to fly from Twickenham Bridge into the Thames. It was not much of a flight, actually—about 40 feet, straight down—but the fact that Piper was borne by homemade wings gave it an added dimension of pathos. Walter Cornelius (the "Birdman of Peterborough") can identify only too well with Piper's plunge; in December he zoomed from a supermarket roof straight into the River Nene, because, as he later complained, "the elastic broke on my wings."

Both Piper and Cornelius belong to a flock of Britons fascinated by the dream of man-powered flight and undeterred by a fearsome failure rate that goes back to Icarus. At Selsey Bill, Sussex, this month, twelve birdmen gathered to contend for a \$2,400 prize offered by the local Royal Air Force Association to the first man to fly 50 yards under his own



FENWICK CRASHING



CROUCH SPLASHING
Undeterred by Icarus.

power. Some 6,000 turned up to watch contestants take off from a 25-ft-high platform at the end of a lifeboat jetty. No one was injured, but the splashdowns rivaled any in the Apollo series.

Most grotesque was Roy Bracher, who wore steel-reinforced wings, a bird mask, flippers with claws painted on them, and feathery strips of cloth sewn onto his Mickey Mouse T shirt. Stephen Crouch, dressed as a witch, launched himself on a broomstick. Both plummeted into the water. David Fenwick, a country club owner, sported the most substantial pair of wings: they were 30 feet across, made of spinnaker nylon and spruce and weighed 60 lbs. Fenwick fell like a stone.

It was left to 13-year-old David Cathro, flapping wings made of bamboo and plastic, to make the best flight of the day: he hit the water all of 20 feet from the launch pad. "I talked my mum into letting me have a go," he confessed, "because I hold a bronze medal for swimming."



CYCLING TOWARD A GOAL
An uncompromising animal.

THE MOON



NEAR 12,000-FT. HADLEY DELTA MOUNTAIN, ASTRONAUT JIM IRWIN SALUTES FLAG AT APOLLO 15'S LANDING SITE

Stunning Scenes from a Desolate Moonscape

NEXT to their precious cargo of rocks and lunar samples, the most important souvenir brought home from the moon by the Apollo 15 astronauts was nearly two miles of film. Eagerly developed by NASA technicians in Houston last week, the first photographs from man's fourth lunar landing added extra luster to the achievements of Dave Scott and Jim Irwin. During their lunar visit, the astronauts demonstrated that they were remarkably sensitive—and even artistic—photographers.

Glittering Jewels. The stunning clarity and detail of the scenes that Scott and Irwin captured on film added new dimensions to the landscapes they had transmitted by television from the moon's surface. There were shots of majestic mountains with profiles softened by billions of years of erosion, midnight-black rocks that glittered like jewels in the harsh sun of the airless moon, and helmeted figures toiling in areas of almost unbelievable desolation. "Although a dead world," said Astronaut Irwin in his published report, the moon "can be beautiful to anyone who loves the mountains of earth." The mountains of the moon, he remembered with pleasure,



SCOTT PHOTOGRAPHING LUNAR SURFACE

"were not gray or brown." The reflection of early morning sun gave them a "glow of gold." Even Al Worden, orbiting aloft "like a bird soaring without sound," said "I shall never forget the moon that I circled 74 times. There were moments of beauty and moments of visual surprise."

The photographs were as scientifically valuable as they were scenic. A panoramic shot of the mountains, for example, showed distinct layering on the different slopes. But surprisingly, the layers slant in one direction in some places and take a sharply different course in

others. The layers were probably laid down by the same lava flows, why did they veer off in different directions? The most likely explanation, according to Paul Gast, chief of lunar and planetary science at Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, is that these flows probably preceded the cataclysmic event (presumably a large meteor impact) that

created the Sea of Rains and uplifted the mountains around it.

While some scientists pored over the photographs, others examined the 171 lbs. of moon rocks in Houston's Lunar Receiving Laboratory.

Different Episodes. One sample that especially attracted their attention was the 8-ft.-long core that the astronauts had struggled to extract from the moon. In the first three of five core sections, they found 24 distinct layers of material. Just as tree rings reveal clues to yearly climate changes, each layer in the core should provide evidence of dif-

ferent episodes in the moon's history.

NASA doctors reported that the astronauts were having minor difficulties readapting to the earth's gravity and that they were suffering from irregular heartbeats probably caused by fatigue. There were also bruises under four of Scott's

fingerprints (caused by his tight-fitting gloves). But by week's end the astronauts seemed to be recovering satisfactorily. In fact, when Worden returned to his apartment soon after his arrival in Houston, he showered, shaved and then smilingly told his brother, "So long, pal, see you later." After twelve days in space, the astronaut was off on a date.



WITH LUNAR ROVER PARKED NEAR BY, SCOTT EXPLORES CANYON-LIKE HADLEY RILLE

Under the sun, a glow of gold.

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NIX



HIGGINBOTHAM



HOWARD

THE LAW

The Black Judges

Twenty years ago an organizational meeting of the nation's black judges could have been held in the back of a single bus. Today it would take a small fleet of Greyhounds. To celebrate that growth, and what it means to the administration of justice, half of the nation's 269 black judges met in Atlanta this month to establish the Judicial Council of the predominantly black National Bar Association.

The event was more than ceremonial. Black judges know that they have become a force in the legal community, and they mean to make the most of it. Specifically, they want the white-dominated judicial system to become more responsive to blacks and to the poor, and they are not at all reticent with their suggestions for bringing that about.

Defendant's Language. Jury selection is one of their special concerns. Said Baltimore Judge Joseph C. Howard: "We found there were professional [white] jurors serving six and eight times a year." As a result of Howard's prodding, black representation on petit juries in Baltimore has moved from 5% to 50%. Judge Howard and three black colleagues have also led a movement to reform the bail system. Today three times as many Baltimore defendants are released on their own recognizance as three years ago, when Howard was sworn in.

The right to counsel has been guaranteed by the Supreme Court, said Philadelphia Judge Robert N.C. Nix Jr. "But it's the judges' responsibility to make sure it is effective counsel." That may mean assigning a black lawyer to defend a black suspect so that the attorney "speaks the defendant's language."

Many of the judges at Atlanta went a step further. They argued in some cases a black defendant needs the sensitivity of a black judge to get a fair trial. "If I get a probation report that a fellow has been in a gang," said U.S. District Judge A. Leon Higginbotham of Philadelphia, "I may know something that the white judge doesn't: that almost everybody in that neighborhood has to be in a gang to get to school safe-

ly." The black jurists feel that they must educate their white counterparts in such matters.

Some of the arguments outlined in Atlanta are vulnerable to the charge of reverse racism, but the black judges did not seem concerned. Said New York University Law Professor Leroy Clark: "They're not giving preferential treatment or dealing in 'black law'; they're just getting things to where the black man gets the same justice that the white guy gets in the first place." A number of the judges also argued that they were concerned with class discrimination against the poor, not racial problems alone.

To become fully effective, the black judges feel that they must not only enlarge their numbers, but also get high bench appointments. Aside from U.S. Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall and a handful of appellate court jurists, blacks generally operate at the lowest level—the local small-claims and police courts. In Atlanta, they agreed to a man that their most pressing future business was to lobby for more blacks on the federal bench. Representatives of the new Judicial Council hope to meet with President Nixon soon to take up the problem. They have a strong argument: none of the President's 16 appointments to the federal bench in the South was a black man.

Streetcar Strategists

In the most prestigious schools of law, portraits of U.S. Supreme Court Justices and Attorneys General adorn the walls. At the grimy University of Detroit law school, the hagiography runs to city and state judges. Housed in a factory-like building, the school has long been one of the nation's many "streetcar law factories," places that cater to ambitious students who lack the money or the grades necessary for legal training elsewhere. For those who use the law as a steppingstone to political careers, U.D. law has been particularly successful; its alumni include 56 judges, eight state legislators, Michigan's Lieutenant Governor and attorney general, and three of Detroit's four most recent mayors.

During the past six years, however, the Establishment has seemed to the students less a haven to be penetrated than an adversary to be challenged. U.D. law has developed a social consciousness rivaling that of many better-known institutions. Detroit's students have fought for new rights for impoverished individuals in hundreds of civil and criminal cases and have handled important suits against neighboring suburbs, claiming racial discrimination in housing. The school's transformation began in 1965 when the Michigan Supreme Court adopted a rule permitting law students to represent the indigent. With a \$250,000 grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity, Detroit opened a storefront legal clinic and urban-law courses began appearing in the catalogue.

Practicing in Jail. After the OEO grant expired in 1969, an energetic new dean, Brian Brockway, now 37, kept the school on its new tack. Instead of OEO stipends, the students earned course credits for their services to the poor. "There's more to a legal education than just knowing how to operate within the system," says Brockway. "A good lawyer should know the methods by which the system can be changed."

Most students during their second or third years spend at least 15 hours a week talking to and representing clients, often in the municipal court three blocks from the school. Students have also taken over a psychiatrist's vacant office in the Wayne County jail for on-the-spot legal consultations. "This is really the underside of the law," explains one student. "Defending indigents is a source of riffs for my shady lawyers. They get paid by the court for spending as little as five minutes with a client after cronies on the bench assign them to a case."

After hearing dozens of complaints



JAIL-CELL INTERVIEW
The underside of the law.

ENVIRONMENT

from victimized tenants, the students decided that existing law gave little protection from landlords who refused to repair tenements. They drafted a remedial bill and lobbied it through the state legislature. Now Michigan tenants have more legal ammunition in disputes with owners.

Arguing over Principles. The students also collected evidence to show that real estate speculators peddling dilapidated houses may have been helped to huge profits by appraisers who certified inflated values when buyers applied for Federal Housing Administration loans. That evidence prompted FHA officials to drop 107 freelance appraisers from their approved list until they could show no conflicts of interest in their dealings.

Even the University of Detroit law journal has a decidedly activist orientation. "It isn't concerned with the great jurisprudential theories discussed at Harvard and Yale," says Joe Walker, a second-year man. The U.D. publication deals heavily with welfare problems, housing, juvenile crime, what Walker calls "the practical aspects of representing people."

The extent to which the school has changed is indicated by alumni reactions. Some graduates have cut back their financial contributions, and old-guard judges sometimes shudder to see student lawyers in their courts. Common Pleas Court Judge John Patrick O'Brien, class of 1957, normally deals with civil cases. He complains that "these fellows are altruistic, and to that extent their interests clash with mine because I have to keep the docket moving along. These fellows will take up the court's time arguing over a principle. It costs \$100,000 a year to run a municipal court. We can't be arguing over principles." If Brockway and his youngsters have their way, however, Detroit courts will be hearing such arguments with increasing frequency.

Reasonable Cannibalism

The seven primitive tribesmen from Western Papua were haled into a Port Moresby court where they were charged with improperly and indecently interfering with a corpse. A fellow villager had been killed in a family feud, and they had volunteered to dispose of the remains. Their method: to cut up the body, cook it in a well-thickened stew, and eat it.

After due deliberation, Judge William Prentice ruled that cannibalism is a normal and reasonable behavior for some remote New Guinea villagers. Said the judge: "I do not consider that the legislature had in contemplation the banning of a method of disposal of the body, namely by eating, as an alternative to burial or cremation." That left the defendants free to go home. The court interpreter, a tribal sorcerer, went back to prison where he is serving time for the murder of a rival.

Is Ecology Heresy?

Judaism and Christianity have always placed primacy in man. Now this primacy is being attacked by what I call the neoconservative ecological approach to life: the idea that nature has primacy and man is subordinate, and thus must abandon what is best for himself in order to do what is right for the earth.

These are the words of James Schall, 43, a crew-cut Jesuit priest and teacher who takes a dim view of ecology, American style. The environmental movement that has captured the nation's imagi-

he argues, "and when we limit our capacities and our future [through birth control], we are basing this on the technological and social limits of today." He suggests that the man of the future will be capable of solving the problems of the future, perhaps by purposefully expanding his numbers to provide the large intellectual base needed for a more complex and technologically advanced society.

Moving into even deeper waters, Schall contends that the new faith in the environment has widened political differences between nations. Both Communists and leftists in the emerging countries, he says, believe that man is su-

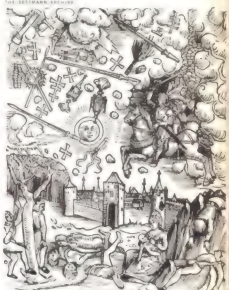
THE TWO-CHILD FAMILY MEANS SURVIVAL IN THE 70's



IN VIEW OF THE SERIOUSNESS OF RUNAWAY POPULATION GROWTH IN THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD AS A WHOLE, NO INFORMED OR PATRIOTIC AMERICAN COUPLE SHOULD HAVE MORE THAN TWO CHILDREN.
—DR. PAUL N. ENGLISH, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE POPULATION FUND

POPULATION POSTER

A stand against birth control and the grim ecologist.



DOOMSDAY—16TH CENTURY WOODCUT

nation, says Schall, who divides the year between Rome's prestigious Pontifical Gregorian University and the University of San Francisco, is really little more than heresy.

Writing in the Jesuit magazine *America*, Schall says that the nation's growing commitment to the environment is a "dangerous" and "unbalanced" trend. Rather than being a "pragmatic recognition of cleanliness and conservation," it seems all too often to be a "kind of subtle undermining, in its rhetorical origins, of the destiny and dignity of man himself."

Man is most undermined, Schall believes, by ecologists who want to limit population for fear that the earth's growing mass of people will soon use up available space and the dwindling natural resources. Schall takes exactly the opposite view. As the population of the United States grows and settles into urban areas, he says, there is actually more space in the country, not less. "We don't know what man can be,"

preme. Therefore, "the old-line revolutionaries of the Second and Third Worlds, who are firmly fixed on the Christian dogma of the dignity of man, are quickly parting company with the new American ecological heresy." If this heresy were generally accepted, he warns, it would "deflate the revolutionary's whole claim to renew the face of the earth for man—to 'hominize' it, as Marx put it." As Americans continue to turn ecology into a public issue, the movement grows "more and more antirevolutionary, against people."

Doomsday Books. The heresy that Schall attacks is most evident in the U.S., the world's leading proponent of ecology. In fact, he says, the grim ecologist is a peculiarly American phenomenon. "Today," he explains, "the doomsday books are being written by the ecologists and biologists who have lost their confidence that tomorrow can be better, that something new can really come into the world through man and his intelligence." Technology, he

believes, can provide that something, perhaps in the form of the mass-produced housing and unlimited electrical power proposed by Buckminster Fuller.

"There is an anticity bias in the U.S. today that you don't find in Europe," Schall says. "It would never occur to Europeans that Paris or Rome or Venice were not the centers of their countries." This downgrading of cities is joined with an antitechnology drive. While Americans complain about the pollution caused by big industry, an emerging African country with a choice between a clean environment and a steel mill would rightfully choose the steel mill. Much of the American anticity-antitechnology mood, Schall contends, has been fostered by "scare people with scare books."

Environmentalists, in turn, will consider Schall's philosophy heretical. Despite the broad spectrum of their formal disciplines, most of them are now agreed that some way must be found to brake polluting technology without, as Schall puts it, "stopping the clock." Moreover, while few would disagree with Schall that man indeed has primacy, he nonetheless lives in precarious balance with all other organisms. By pushing forward with his machines and neglecting the life around him, ecologists are convinced, man endangers not only himself but all life on this planet.

The Overlooked Cloverleaf

Residents of Manchester, Conn., were startled six years ago when they learned that a highway interchange proposed for Interstate 84 would munch up 50 acres of greenery that had been zoned for recreation near the center of town. The highway construction, the townspeople complained, would destroy three baseball diamonds, a football field, and a small playground and would take up space allotted for future recreational developments.

Rather than give in to the concrete invasion, as most other towns have done, Manchesterites reached a compromise with the contractors and the state highway department. The interchange would be built in the town as planned, but Manchester would still be able to keep its recreational facilities. How? By using valuable land that highway engineers have in the past largely ignored.

Interchange City. Under the compromise plan, the interchange was designed so that Manchester's existing recreational facilities could be preserved within the "cloverleaf"—the network of curving ramps that connects the intersecting highways. Furthermore, additional facilities could be built with the \$263,275 the town received from the government as payment for the interchange land. The state highway department also agreed to design underpasses through which pedestrians could stroll from one land area to another.

The contractors have already graded the earth inside one section of the cloverleaf for a new track and football field for the junior high school. When the cloverleaf recreational complex is completed, it will resemble a kind of interchange city. A 15-acre area will include an ice-skating rink, a recreation center, outdoor tennis and basketball courts, a playground, and fields for baseball, softball and football. Another seven acres are set aside for high school football and baseball. The remainder of the interchange will be turned into a 25-acre woodland with hiking trails and picnic tables. Five miles of underground electrical conduits will make it possible to install lighting anywhere in the cloverleaf.

Meanwhile, planners hope that when I-84 is finally opened to traffic in 1976, Detroit will have reduced auto emissions enough to allow an outfielder playing on the interchange diamond to chase a fly ball without getting lost in the smog.



RED GUARDS MARCHING IN CHINA
A U.S. version for ecology?

Junior Vigilantes

At first glance, it seems similar to the other children's games and kits that have been designed in response to the environmental boom. But the Enviro Pollution Test Kit, aimed at kids between the ages of eight and 14, is not intended for mere play. It enables youthful environmentalists to conduct real tests for air and water pollution, and even provides practical suggestions for fighting polluters.

Expected to sell for about \$10 when it appears on store shelves this week, the kit consists of a blue plastic tray of diluted chemicals, four test tubes, five "dropping bottles," a funnel, magnifying glass, microscope slides, a smoke chart and parts for assembling a "smoke trap." One of the experiments described in the instruction booklet shows children how to test the effect of phosphates on algae by adding fertilizer to pond water in a jar; another calls for testing the acid or alkaline content of water in their home washing machine by putting five drops of a chemical (called "universal indicator") into a water sample in a test tube. The water turns red if acid, purple if alkaline.

Help Needed. Not all the activities suggested in the booklet are as innocuous. Young ecoactivists are urged to check the contents of detergents used by their mothers and "encourage your family to change brands and select ones which do not create as great a pollution threat." Sounding a bit like a primer for Red Guards, the booklet also advises children to "photograph every pollutant detected"—not only results of their own experiments but any debris found behind factories, stores and offices or in the streets, parks and rivers. Reporting the results of pollution tests to the proper authorities will create a stir, the kids are warned, but because antipollution laws are "basically ineffective, vigilant citizens are needed to help seek out the offenders."



AERIAL VIEW OF I-84 INTERCHANGE

IS IT POSSIBLE?

An Automatic Income for Life of \$20,000... \$50,000...\$100,000 a Year... Without Working ...from a Business That Runs Itself!

"I'll show you dozens of plans you can start easily—without investing a cent!"
says Ty Hicks.

Dear Friends:

Did you ever stop to think how great it would be to have an automatic income for the rest of your life—an income that goes on whether you work or not? An income of \$200, \$400, \$600... \$1,000 a week or more, to do with as you please?

Believe it or not, there are actually scores of businesses that could be bringing you a fortune, without your lifting a finger! Easy, proven, money-making businesses that practically run themselves—to give you extra income without work! All you bring to them is a little ingenuity and the step-by-step methods outlined in this book!

Furthermore, you can get into many of these businesses, in your spare time—and build a fortune fast—starting with no money of your own! That's right! An automatic income, without investing a cent!

For Example—

- I'd like to tell you about a method a former blue-collar worker uses—requiring no equipment other than a pencil and paper, and no special skills. He helps other businesses get started. As part of his fee, he becomes a "silent partner" in each business. Today he has an income of more than \$50,000 a year, from some 18 businesses. Yet he doesn't work even a minute a month at any of them!
- In another spectacular fortune-making method, all you do is make up company names, and sell them to companies that are looking for new names. This method, one fortune builder sold nearly \$30,000 worth of corporate names in 6 months. And in the next six months, she sold \$237,700 worth of names!
- And I'd like to show you how another fortune builder acquired a business that practically runs itself—a parking lot—without spending a cent of his own, even though he was a bad credit risk. Today, he owns 14 parking lots. His net income from each lot is \$15,000 per year, giving him a total net income of \$210,000 per year! You'll find the full details in a new book which I have written... an eye-opening, profit-laden book that shows you a dazzling array of powerful, proven, money-making opportunities... 90% of which require little or no cash, and even less effort!

How To Borrow Your Way To A Great Fortune!

Everywhere I go in this world I meet successful, wealthy people. I want to travel with me, you'd meet these rich people in the best hotels, the finest restaurants, exclusive and expensive resorts.

What's more, you'll learn a great secret from these wealth builders:

Nearly every person who built great wealth for himself in recent years did so with little or no cash and wound up with a lot of money!

If you met these people, as I have, you'd soon be convinced that the best way to build a fortune today is by using OPM—other people's money. It is the most powerful, the greatest key to fast riches, starting with little or no cash, known in the world today!

In this book you'll find scores of tried and proven ways to borrow money quickly, and use it to build a fortune...

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ty Hicks has built several fortunes for himself and others, using the methods he gives you in this book. Today he has several automatic incomes going for him. "Automatic" because he spends only two days a week, supervising these businesses—with ample time for travel, entertainment, hobbies!

During his career, Mr. Hicks has made money in hotels, apartment houses, rental real estate, boating, shipping, publishing, amusements, the stock market, and theaters.

More amazing still, he began his search for wealth with no contacts, no preface fortune, his father having died when Mr. Hicks was only 14.

Whether you're a man or woman, old, young, married, unmarried... Even if you haven't got a job... or are a member of a minority group... or have no permanent residence... these techniques will work for you! You'll discover...

- How you can get up to \$5,000 easily on your signature alone, even if you have been refused before!
- How you can get up to \$5,000 for as little as \$11 a month!
- How you can get as many as six signature loans, for \$5,000 each—in ONE DAY—for a total of \$30,000!
- How you can get a large sum of money—thousands of dollars—that does not have to be repaid, is interest-free, tax-free, and can be used for any business purpose, including your salary!
- Over 10,000 ready sources of cash for you (many by mail)!

I'll show you how to use a loan as your springboard to riches! For unlike a car or TV loan, which doesn't pay you anything back, except pleasure, a business loan will often pay you a PROFIT of \$50, \$100, \$300 or more PER WEEK!

Put these wealth-studded tips to work and you can soon be richer than you ever thought possible.

Fantastic Fortune-Making Bargains!

There are unbelievably powerful fortune-making bargains available to you today. Opportunities to everyone—that you can take advantage of, with little or no cash, that can stuff walls of profit dollars in your pocket, quickly and easily. For example, you'll discover...

- How a \$23,500 split-level home was purchased for only \$180.22—and sold for thousands of dollars profit!
- How a 27-room mansion on 13 waterfront acres was purchased for only \$98.18!
- How a \$12,000 farm-style home was purchased for \$55!
- How you may "mortgage out"—a technique that gives you ownership of a property with no money down and with a cash payment to follow! Incredible as it seems, these opportunities are in your local area right now! You don't need any kind of "luck" to find them. I'll show you exactly how to find such fortune-making bargains right away, in the pages of my book. Just apply a little imagination to fit them into your own situation—and you're on your way to a fortune like these—

Shortcuts That Zoom Your Income!

You can, by using the methods in this book, make yourself a millionaire. Others have done exactly that. I've watched them. People like—

• Cliff R. using the secret just mentioned above, Cliff purchased and sold some 25 properties in a six-month period. His profit on these deals was \$68,000!

• Sam T. used another one of the sources revealed in this book to get \$400. He invested this money in valuable postage stamps, and sold them to fellow stamp club members. Within 3 years, he was worth \$500,600!

• You'll see how Larry M. got the money he needed to buy \$14,000 worth of paintings. In 2 years, he was offered almost FIVE TIMES as much for them. But Larry waited another year and sold them for more than SIX TIMES the purchase price: \$100,000. This is a neat story—particularly when you remember that Larry didn't invest a dime of his own!

• Ben D. considered such a poor credit risk that six banks had refused him time after time, used a method revealed in this book to get a \$50,000 five-year loan in less than 30 minutes. He used this money to buy a restaurant. Today, he has five booming restaurants, and more money than he can spend!

• Joel L. started with a gas station which he took over, using one of the many easy loans I tell you about. Once Joel had the gas station, he began to look around for other easy-money businesses. Soon he had a real estate office, a pet shop, a hardware store, a second gas station, and a laundry! His net income from these



businesses was \$75,000 the first year!

- Herb F. was a mailman for the Post Office, in a little town in the midwest. Using the method I tell you about—for obtaining large sums of money for as little as \$5 a month—he obtained \$40,000 without putting up a cent! He used this money to buy a \$600,000 motel. Today he's on easy street after only a few weeks!
- Clint T. couldn't stand the 9-to-5 routine of his job. He decided he had to make a pile of money as quickly as possible. Using one of the sources revealed in this book, he borrowed \$2,000 and invested it in a meat business. In less than 3 months, he made a profit of \$12,300—OR OVER \$200 PER DAY FOR DOING NOTHING, while he had other people's money invested!

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There are hundreds of other profitable deals you can set up, using this ready cash! You'll learn about all of them in my book. I'll show you how to get into a business that's

- Simple to run!
- Gives an immediate income!
- Can grow quickly!
- ...and give you an automatic income for the rest of your life, perhaps! An income that goes on whether you work or not! Prove it yourself, entirely at my risk!

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THE PRESS

Please Don't Eat

The Lotus Leaves

Wherever he goes, James Reston of the New York Times is something of a presence, even in Peking. Last week, recovered from his appendectomy and acupuncture (TIME, Aug. 9), Scotty Reston came up with the longest and so far the only one-to-one interview with Premier Chou En-lai since the start of Ping Pong diplomacy last April. The formal question-and-answer session lasted three hours, followed by a two-hour dinner in the Fukien Room of the Great Hall of the People. Reston's tone was hardly that of the ordinary newsmen. By turns statesmanlike and philosophical, he adopted a semi-presidential stance in seeking to reassure Chou that "we have now changed, and we want to see the

thing less than expulsion of Taiwan from the U.N. before "we go in." He professed to be perplexed over seeming differences in the Nixon pledge to seek U.N. entry for Peking and the statement by Secretary of State William Rogers that Taiwan would not be abandoned.

What surprised Reston most was Chou's deep anxiety over a revival of Japanese militarism that would threaten both Korea and Taiwan. "You are really worried about Japan, aren't you?" Reston asked. Chou was also concerned about the massing of Soviet military might on China's northern border, but added: "We Chinese are not afraid of atom bombs. We are prepared. The great majority of our big and medium cities now have underground tunnels." Chou claimed the Russians "want to lasso us" into a test-ban conference of nuclear

"You did some work, your New York Times, by making public the secret Pentagon papers," Chou complimented Reston, who helpfully offered to print any unpublished Peking papers of the period. Sorry, said Chou. "We have no secret papers like that." Chou acknowledged that China's top leaders were "old men." But there is a combination of the old, the middle-aged and the young running all the instruments of government, he said. Had the revolutionary leaders kept personal records or journals? "No," Chou replied, "none of us kept a diary and none of us want to write our memoirs."

Come Again. Dinner was described by Reston as a "never-ending stream," featuring such fare as sea-slugs and quail eggs. Chou proposed a toast with a glass of the strong Chinese liquor *miao-tai*, but did not swallow a drop. At one point, Reston went after a decorative but tough leaf under his portion of ground pork and drew a polite reproof from his host: "Please don't eat the lotus leaves."

Dinner over, Reston and Chou resumed their interview until past midnight. Then, Reston reported, Chou "took us to the door, which could not have been more than a quarter of a mile away." There would be no chance to see Mao Tse-tung this time, said Chou. "The Chairman is preoccupied with other matters. But of course you can come with your President next time." Reston declined with thanks. "I'll worry about him from now till then and let you worry about him after he gets here."



RESTON INTERVIEWING CHOU EN-LAI
Never-ending food but no Peking papers.

People's Republic seated [at the U.N.]."

Reston also tried to explain President Nixon to the Premier: "He is a Californian, and he looks to the Pacific in the way that we who live on the other side of the continent do not." Moreover, said Reston, "I think he is a romantic, and I think he is dead serious about China, where he sees a historic role." Replied Chou politely: "Thank you for providing me with this information."

No Concessions. On the main issues between China and the U.S., Chou was unyielding. He insisted that U.S. troops be withdrawn not only from Viet Nam and Taiwan, but from Japan, Thailand and the Philippines as well. ("This doesn't seem to me to be a realistic basis that any President could accept," Reston observed.) China would not mediate in Viet Nam, continued Chou, nor would it accept any

powers only, while China hopes for a meeting of "all the countries of the world" for "complete prohibition" of nuclear weapons.

China-ization. Turning away from global matters, Chou En-lai was even more interesting. He showed considerable knowledge of the U.S. A friend had told him that the blacks were making progress, and he declared himself pleased. Chou also showed a gift for the facile parallel. The Americans started guerrilla warfare, he declared at one point. "George Washington started it." He likened Vietnamization to what he called "China-ization." U.S. support for Chiang Kai-shek in his resistance to Mao Tse-tung's revolution in the late 1940s. But Chou conceded that "America has its merits. It was composed of peoples of all nations and this gave it an advantage of the gradual accumulation of the wisdom of different countries."

Asking for It

Many governments chronically complain about press criticism, but Uganda has the opposite problem. No newspaper will attack the regime of General Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada—and Big Daddy is worried about it. Tamed to a whisper for eight years under President Apollo Milton Obote, the papers have still not made a critical peep since his ouster seven months ago.

Attorney General P.J. Nkambo-Mugerwa went on television last week to declare that Uganda's press is "like a dog that has been chained too long. It does not know what to do now that it is free." The newspapers, he complained, are "playing the role of court jester. Constantly singing a government's praises is the surest way of toppling it." Earlier he had declared: "We know we are not infallible. How can we be assisted if we never receive constructive criticism from the press?"

The press was stung to criticism all right, but of Nkambo-Mugerwa. In an angry editorial about the sword being mightier than the pen, the Uganda *Argus* announced boldly that it would not be bullied into "reckless criticism. A newspaper plays an ambassadorial role, only it is accredited to its own country and is charged with promoting the interests of the country." Furthermore, said the *Argus*, "freedom of expression is a cliché phrase."

BEHAVIOR

Is Equality Bad for You?

In every age, egalitarians have pursued the ideal of a classless society achieved through freedom of opportunity. Now a Harvard professor of psychology has branded the ideal a chimera. On the contrary, says Richard Herrnstein, educational equality and unrestricted social mobility will lead to a stratified society of hereditary castes.

Reviewing a century of research, Herrnstein concludes in the September *Atlantic* that intelligence is largely hereditary, that I.Q. influences social status, and that the nation already has a high-I.Q. ruling class and a lower class with I.Q.s below average. He believes, moreover, that the differences will become sharper. The better the U.S. succeeds in letting each man reach the level of his ability, says Herrnstein, the more will wealth and prestige be concentrated at the top. At the bottom, he predicts, will remain a human residue "that may be unable to master the common occupations" and were probably "born to parents who have similarly failed."

Environmental Handle. For the most part, Herrnstein avoids the racial issue, concentrating on the relative influence of "nature and nurture" (heredity and environment) in shaping intelligence. But today that subject is studied chiefly in hopes of accounting for the 15-point I.Q. difference typically found between American blacks and whites. Herrnstein's study thus becomes the latest in a series of documents that have sparked a continuing dispute over racial differences. It follows the 1965 Moynihan report that attributed many problems of blacks to their matriarchal families; the 1966 study by sociologist James Coleman that seemed to eliminate poor schools as a cause of failures, leading educators to indict black home life instead; and the controversial 1969 paper in which Psychologist Arthur Jensen of the University of California at Berkeley suggested that there might be an innate intellectual inferiority in the Negro.

Jensen weighed the factors that determine I.Q. and concluded that 80% are hereditary and only 20% environmental. Herrnstein goes beyond Jensen in stating that heredity will become even more important if scientists find external ways to improve intelligence. His reasoning: "Suppose we do find an environmental handle on I.Q.—something, let us say, in the gestating mother's diet. Presumably society would try to give everyone access to the favorable factor. But if we make the environment much more uniform, then an even larger proportion of the variation in I.Q. will be attributable to the genes. The average person would be smarter, but intelligence would run in families even more obviously than today."

To Herrnstein, this means that class status would also run in families. Removal

of social barriers to mobility would not change this; on the contrary, it would create biological barriers by sorting people out according to inherited differences in intelligence. Increasing the nation's wealth to make more room at the top would also be ineffective in reducing class barriers, Herrnstein reasons. Some poor people would become well-to-do, but "the growth of wealth will recruit for the upper classes precisely those from the lower classes who have the edge in native ability." This will only "increase the I.Q. gap between classes." Advances in technology compound the problem: as machines take over the easy tasks, the jobs that are left may be too difficult for the newly unemployed to manage. Consequently, "the tendency to be unemployed may run in the genes of a family

JOHN MONHEIMER



cause they believe that the racial characteristics it discloses reflect no real differences in ability but only the cultural deprivation of blacks and the cultural bias of I.Q. tests. Because Herrnstein accepts Jensen's ideas about heredity and intelligence, as well as Jensen's contention that compensatory education has failed, he is likely to be criticized by some scientists who, like Nobel Geneticist Joshua Lederberg, have already labeled Jensen's findings "premature" and "inconclusive."

Unsettled Controversy. Response to Herrnstein's conclusions may well be conditioned by what have been called the "cultural determinants of scientific thought"—the idea that men look for scientific ways to make their social and political beliefs respectable. In the U.S., for example, the emphasis on environment as a significant factor in determining intelligence has surely been

JOHN MONHEIMER



CHILDREN TAKING I.Q. TESTS

Joblessness may run in the family like bad teeth.

about as certainly as bad teeth do now."

This vision of "a virtual caste system" is appalling, Herrnstein admits, because it "reminds us of aristocracies, privileged classes, unfair advantages and disadvantages of birth." But there is a difference: the new aristocracy's prerogatives would stem from genuine ability and hence, Herrnstein seems to imply, would be fair enough. In a warning, perhaps unintended, to those who might rebel, he writes that "the privileged classes of the past were probably not much superior biologically to the downtrodden, which is why revolutions had a fair chance of success." Herrnstein's implication is clear: rebellion against the new intellectual elite would be more likely to fail.

Such views are certain to make Herrnstein's article at least as controversial as the studies that preceded it. Many blacks and whites will be angered by his defense of intelligence testing be-

influenced by the concept that all men are created equal and the liberal belief in social mobility. On the other hand, 19th century Europeans generally believed in the crucial importance of heredity because that belief seemed to justify the aristocracy's existence and a fixed social order. Critics of Herrnstein may well point out that one of the dangers of his report is that it will be similarly used to rationalize theories of racial superiority. But Herrnstein's supporters will agree with his insistence that the nature-nurture controversy is "simply not settled" and that investigation of racial differences should not "be shut off because someone thinks society is best left in ignorance."

* Including Social Theorist Count de Gobineau (*Essays on the Inequality of Human Races*, 1855) and Eugenicist Francis Galton (*Hereditary Genius*, 1869).

REFLECTIONS ON THE SAD PROFESSION

FOR a while, everybody sounded a little hysterical. New York City Criminal Court Judge Morris Schwab, exasperated at the extent of prostitution, arbitrarily ordered two girls to be locked up without bail. "Streetwalking prostitutes contribute to disease," the judge declared. "They are responsible for serious crimes." An attorney for the New York Civil Liberties Union, on the other hand, denounced Schwab for "an utterly outrageous exercise of judicial power." Mayor John Lindsay, like so many mayors in such embarrassing circumstances, ordered yet another "crackdown on vice." But as the police began rounding up streetwalkers, 50 militant Women's Liberationists picketed the criminal court, and one of their placards charged: PROSTITUTION: MEN'S CRIME AGAINST WOMEN.

That was last month. Now things are returning to normal, with the girls once more patrolling the streets. Still, the midsummer thunderstorm about the world's oldest profession raises anew one of the world's oldest questions: What can or should society do about the sale of sex?

The whole subject of prostitution is full of ambiguities and hypocrisies. Even to define the word is not so easy as it might seem. We generally think of the transfer of money as the element that makes prostitution a crime (although money plays a subtle part in all sorts of sexual relationships). Yet in a number of states, as well as in Webster's newest dictionary, the definition of prostitution includes not only the exchange of money but also the rather vague concept of promiscuity. Ohio law, for example, forbids both getting paid for sex and "the offering of the body for indiscriminate sexual intercourse without hire." But what is "indiscriminate"? St. Jerome decried women who had known "many men," and monks argued over the number that would warrant condemnation: one said 40, another 23,000.

In a harlot's life, the matter of how much varies as widely as how many. A former Miss Denmark who received \$1,500 for one night's entertainment undoubtedly considered herself far removed from the black girls who charge \$15 on the neon-lit streets of Boston's South End. One notable sniper at hypocrisy, George Bernard Shaw, was fascinated by this matter, and he is supposed to have asked a lady at dinner one night whether she would go to bed with him for £10,000. The lady hesitated but agreed, so Shaw asked if she would do the same for £2. "Certainly not!" the lady cried. "What do you take me for?" "We have already established that," said Shaw. "What we are trying to establish now is the price."

All in all, police in the U.S. make about 100,000 arrests a year for prostitution. Anything resembling an exact figure is obviously impossible to get, but estimates on the total of full-time professional prostitutes in the U.S. run as high as 500,000, and reports indicate that the number seems to stay fairly constant in relation to the population. The most comprehensive if not the most trust-inspiring figures originated with the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey, who reported back in 1948 that 69% of the men he interviewed had visited a prostitute at least once, and that 15% to 20% did so several times a year. From this, one team of investigators has boldly inferred a grand total of 315 million episodes of commercial sex per year, for a collective payment of \$2.25 billion.

Despite such evidence of vast private support, prostitution is illegal in every state except Nevada. An effort to legalize it in California last month died in the state legislature. But when laws are so widely broken, it seems reasonable to ask whether the laws should not be changed. It was not so long ago, after all, that placing a bet and buying a drink were punishable as crimes, yet now the Government generally accepts such behavior and even sponsors it, via state liquor stores and lotteries. As to prostitution, then, may we not rely on the good sense of St. Thomas Aquinas? "Prostitution in the towns is like the cesspool in the pal-

ace," he said. "Do away with the cesspool, and the palace will become an unclean and stinking place."

Even in our permissive society, many people would reply that prostitution is not like the other vices. The familiar objections are social (it spreads crime and disease), paternalistic (it corrupts youth) or aesthetic (it befouls whole districts with its invitations to debauchery). But the most fundamental objection is simply that—St. Thomas or no St. Thomas—prostitution is immoral. The Bible says so quite clearly and condemns it emphatically. Of the countless reformers who tried to do something about the Christian injunction that lust is a primary tool of the devil, King Louis IX of France may be taken as archetypal. Before setting out on a Crusade to Palestine, he ordered all brothels closed. Many of the prostitutes simply joined the Crusade, serving as camp followers on the way to the Holy Land.

Thus ever after. The Catholic Church more or less came to accept the idea of sin as inevitable until the Protestant Reformation once again demanded ruthless punishments. Another crusade, this one in the American West and aimed at the new Holy Land of the frontier, drew its camp followers



IMMORALITY? PENITENT PROSTITUTES IN 18TH CENTURY NAPLES

just as surely. The sporting house and the saloon became the social centers of many an outpost and booming new metropolis from the Alleghenies to the Yukon; most splendid of them all was the famous Everleigh Club, a 50-room mansion in Chicago, where for \$50 a night minimum, guests were regaled with champagne from golden buckets and fountains gushed perfume at regular intervals.

What seems to have made that era so comfortable for vice, apart from the occasional luxury, was the old double standard, the neat if uncharitable belief that some women were just bad, and no real harm in that. But high-minded ministers and pious women soon assaulted this view with the fierce preaching that everyone must be good. By the early 1920s, after two generations of struggle, the reformers had won the official prohibition of commercial sex (and liquor as well).

Today, religious arguments carry less weight but modern morality still condemns many of the old sins for psychological or humanistic reasons. Harold Greenwald, author of *The Call Girl: A Social and Psychoanalytic Study*, states

the argument in typical terms. He calls prostitution "the extreme form of a relationship in which the members are interested only in exploiting each other." He calls it a form "of selling out—selling out what we believe in."

This assumes, however, that we live in a utopia in which everyone is free to do as he pleases, in which nobody uses money to make other people do what they otherwise would not do. It also assumes that in this utopia all sexual partners give themselves freely out of love for one another. But even if such an ideal state really existed, would it be fair to condemn anyone who failed to live up to the ideal? To condemn, that is, the soldier far from home, the traveling salesman, the frightened student, and the old and the ugly and the neurotic—all the victims of circumstance or life's perversities? Prostitution at best makes no pretense of being a substitute for a happy marriage, but is simply an escape from loneliness and misery or a relief for concupiscence.

That may be fine for men, the moral condemnation continues, but prostitution nonetheless degrades and abuses women, particularly poor women. Certainly there was once a time when, as Shaw wrote in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, society was "underpaying, undervaluing, and overworking women so shamefully that the poorest of them are forced to resort to prostitution to keep body and soul together." Today, when hunger is a reasonably rare motivation and "white slavery" is nearly forgotten, many arrested pros-

time girl, the Sally Bowles of *Cabaret* or the girl played by Melina Mercouri in *Never on Sunday*? Most sociological and psychological studies reject the theatrical stereotype and offer no support at all for the kind of chauvinism expressed by H.L. Mencken: "The truth is that . . . the prostitute commonly likes her work and would not change places with a shopgirl or a waitress for anything in the world."

Whether prostitution is immoral or not, there remains the question of whether the Government can or should try to suppress whatever it considers immoral—in short, can sin be outlawed? Generally speaking, we acknowledge the state's right to make laws protecting the family and the safety of children. But as for sexual activity in private between consenting adults (in the jargon of the new permissiveness), the gradual trend has been toward the abandonment of official interference. For one thing, suppression has never worked well, even though punishments for prostitution have at times included mutilation and beheading. For another, the whole apparatus of vice squads, entrapments, bribes and the imprisonment of women who may well not have done any harm to anyone—all of this makes one feel that the police could be more usefully employed.

Legalized prostitution can produce its own complications and contradictions, however. In many European countries, for example, the individual sale of sex is not illegal, but brothels are. A combination of postwar idealism and the desire to prevent underworld exploitation of women brought about the closing of the bordellos that once flourished in France—and the closing brought the consequences that St. Thomas had foreseen: The prostitutes expelled from the once-regulated houses drifted out into the streets and continued the traditional business on their own. Reported cases of syphilis rose from 1,200 a year to 6,000. By now, even Marthe Richard, who once led the fight against the houses, admits that she "would not be against reopening if—I say if—women are not slaves in them." Laws on morals change slowly, however, and it is sometimes more practical for officials simply to evade them. Thus in Germany, which banned brothels in the 1920s, several major cities now have hotel-like Eros Centers, which are technically legal because the girls remain independent and just rent rooms there.

But even if we accept the argument that the Government should not intervene in private morality, legalized prostitution inevitably has social and aesthetic consequences. If there are no restraints on streetwalkers, they may swarm through the cities, accosting strangers and creating an atmosphere of general corruption. The compromise, as in London, permits prostitution to exist but not to organize: there can be no pimping and no open solicitation. There is much hypocrisy in this solution—the hypocrisy of looking away from what we find unpleasant—but it has the virtue, at least, of compelling private behavior to remain private.

Someday, it has been said, this problem will partly solve itself because more and more people will find it increasingly easy to obtain their pleasure without paying for it. Now that we have the Pill, the coed dorm and the commune, what need is there for the streetwalker, much less the bordello? So far, though, these predictions have not come true; even in societies that have long been considerably more libertarian than ours, somehow the appeal of prostitution stubbornly remains. In emancipated Sweden, where premarital sex is considered a civil right, there are very few streetwalkers nowadays, but Stockholm still has hundreds of massage parlors, modeling studios and other such institutions.

Besides, universal promiscuity hardly seems a perfect solution, for we would just be changing our rules and definitions for the act we now call prostitution. In fact, there is no perfect solution to the disparity between needs and satisfactions. Even under the best of circumstances, random sexual encounters will inevitably contain elements of squalor and violence. But it is reasonable to conclude that the sale of sex in America is not so much an immoral business as a sad and shabby one, and that legal permission plus a measure of supervision would be a genuine improvement.

• Otto Friedrich



ILLEGALITY? GIRLS (RIGHT) ARRESTED IN RECENT LOS ANGELES RAID

titutes need money because they are addicted to drugs (though the statistics used may simply show that police tend to corral street-corner addicts rather than call girls).

Apart from financial need, however, there are psychopathic explanations for women selling themselves. As Kate Millett wrote in *Sexual Politics*: "Prostitution, when unmotivated by economic need, might well be defined as a species of psychological addiction, built on self-hatred." And in an ironic reversal of that view, Ti-Grace Atkinson has argued that "prostitutes are the only honest women left in America, because they charge for their services rather than submit to a marriage contract which forces them to work for life without pay."

The housewife's lot is perhaps not quite so grim as Miss Atkinson thinks, and the same may be said for that of the prostitute. Last week, the *New York Times* conducted a survey on prostitution and interviewed a 27-year-old blonde named Jackie, who lives in a luxurious apartment, dresses in Puccis, winters in Puerto Rico, and says of her life: "I love it." Is there some truth after all in that age-old legend of the good-

MUSIC

Elegant Thunderer

Typcasting is a hazard not only for actors but for pianists. Yet for listeners it has certain advantages. There is always a little extra pleased surprise when a celebrated Beethoven thunderer like Viennese pianist Alfred Brendel also proves a fine interpreter of Mozart, as he just has in this summer's Mostly Mozart Festival at New York's Philharmonic Hall. Folding his gawky body (6 ft. 11 in., 164 lbs.) down on the piano stool like some large, clumsy bird, Brendel at times brought an almost wren-like elegance to the formalized passion of Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 17 in G Major* (K. 453).

Even in this age of great technicians, Brendel's keyboard marksmanship is so remarkable that he can afford to shrug off mere accuracy. "If I miss a few notes," he says, "I don't care as long as the musical purpose is clear. When I remember performances which have impressed me, few of them were note perfect. I don't want to be perfect at any expense. Perfection has done too much harm already in music."

Classic Bounds. All pianists have to compromise between force and agility in order to combine maximum sonority with maximum speed. Brendel's playing shows no compromise. He gives most of the credit to Edwin Fischer, the Swiss pianist and teacher who was known as both an intellectual classicist and a keyboard technician. Like Fischer, he is able to play passionately without breaking the bounds of classicism.

Brendel began playing at six, made his debut at 17. A year later he won Italy's Concorso Busoni, one of the most demanding piano competitions in Europe. By the time he was 30, his affinity for Beethoven's music had asserted itself, and Vox, a record company that

appreciated both his brilliance and his beginner's price, hired him for a vast project: 36 long-playing sides of Beethoven's piano works. In a fit of fiction, the company added its own credits to Brendel's. He has been plagued by their inventiveness ever since.

"I am not, alas, the fortunate possessor of Italian primitives," he tiredly explains. "I do not live in a house once occupied by Beethoven. I do not, to my regret, own one of Beethoven's pianos. These are myths, fantasies, inventions. That company got nearly everything wrong except my birthday."

Slightly Monkish. The birthday was 40 years ago, though Brendel looks older; his high-domed, intellectual forehead is balding from two directions, and his pale eyes and thick glasses give him a slightly monkish appearance. Says Iris Brendel, his beautiful, Argentine-born wife, "We once received a letter from an unknown admirer which said, 'I only know you from your records. Are you as beautiful as you are talented?' We sent back a picture and that settled that!"

Brendel finds more beauty in old works than in contemporary ones. "I play everything from Mozart to Schoenberg," he says. "I'm interested in new music, but I don't think I can play it. Wrong temperament. I admire Chopin; that's one of the reasons I don't play him. He eats up a performer, Schubert is my antidote for Beethoven." Brendel also wants to get into more Haydn. Which leaves only one great ambition. "What I really want," he concludes, eyeing his profile in a mirror, "is to play the lead in a Frankenstein movie."

Infertility Rites

Few plays seem to provide such promising operatic material as the dark and intense verse dramas of Spain's Federico Garcia Lorca. *Blood Wedding* has been made into an opera at least four times, and in the early 1950s the noted Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos was commissioned to transform *Yerma* into an opera. He finished it in 1955, but died before it could be produced.

In 1958 Stage Director Basil Langton learned of the Villa-Lobos score, secured the rights and determined to produce it in the original Spanish. It took him 13 years, but last week *Yerma* had its world premiere—in Spanish—at the Santa Fe Opera, where as many listeners as could fit into the outdoor amphitheater came to hear it.

The music proved typical of Villa-Lobos' best work: brooding, feverish, full of exotic percussion effects. Conductor Christopher Keene admitted, "It's got a little Stravinsky, a little Debussy, a little Puccini, a little Richard Strauss—but a lot of Villa-Lobos." It sometimes sounded as attractive as the familiar pieces: *Forest of the Amazon* or the *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 5.



UPPMAN & LACAMBRA IN "YERMA"
Not tragic but a terrible nag.

Garcia Lorca's heroine, Yerma (derived from the Spanish word *yerma*, meaning barren), is a symbol of the life force frustrated by morality. Longing for children, unable to conceive them with her husband and unwilling to attempt infidelity, she laments with truly operatic passion. Finally, when her husband admits that he is sterile and has used her for sexual rather than procreative purposes, she strangles him.

Little Help. Villa-Lobos' demanding score, unfortunately, has too little dramatic variety and characterization. The opera focuses on Yerma with such single-mindedness that only an extraordinary singing actress—and such types are rare—could bring it off. Poulenc made the same demand in *La Voix Humaine*, Janáček in *The Makropulos Case*, Cherubini in *Medea*, Richard Strauss in *Salomé* and *Elektra*. All in some degree have paid the price in lack of performances. *Yerma* needs a soprano who can act like Maria Callas and sing like Leontyne Price. In Santa Fe it had Mirna Lacambra, a young Spanish soprano with a red-velvet voice but an acting style that seemed to have been derived from old Theda Bara movies. As a result Yerma, who should have seemed tormented and tragic, often appeared merely a terrible nag.

The opera got little help from Director Langton, who sent the chorus sa-shaying about the stage with hands on hips, or swaying with hands linked like oldtime *Follies* girls. Such artists as Mezzos Elaine Bonazzi and Frederica von Stade, Baritone Theodor Uppman and Tenor John Wakefield seemed wasted in their brief roles. Choreographer José Lamón certainly knows all there is to know about Spanish tradition and dancing. But even his fertility rite dance in Act III succeeded in-looking barren. Musically, *Yerma* is compelling. But as a dramatic experience, in Santa Fe, *Yerma* remained yermo.



PIANIST ALFRED BRENDEL
No air of compromise.

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RELIGION

End of a Battle

In a day when many other Roman Catholic priests choose to marry first and ask questions later, the Rev. Daniel C. Maguire, 40, has been something of an anomaly—and a considerable problem for his ecclesiastical superiors. Maguire wanted to marry, but was determined to win papal permission* beforehand. He also happened to be a respected moral theologian teaching at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. He meant to retain that position after marrying.

A few other former priests in the U.S. have done so on Catholic campuses, and about 30 more have readily found jobs by leaving one Catholic college post for a different one. But unlike most other U.S. Catholic colleges, C.U. is a "pontifical" university, for which the American bishops are directly responsible to the Vatican. The 15 bishops on the university's board of trustees had already been embarrassed by a 1968 statement drafted by Maguire and several fellow C.U. theologians opposing the papal birth control encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. When Maguire applied for dispensation and permission to marry in late 1969—with the clear intent of staying on—his request met a cold shoulder even before it was forwarded to Rome.

Standing Joke. The theologian pressed his case for 21 months, far longer than most U.S. priests now have to wait for laicization. Catholic University got itself into an unseemly tangle. Maguire had a contract that ran until 1972, which if served out would automatically have assured him tenure next year. C.U. President Clarence C. Walton, however, terminated Maguire's contract last May. The Academic Senate refused to endorse Walton's action, and a committee was appointed to resolve the impasse. Embarrassed by it all, the school's Graduate Student Association charged that the university was becoming a "standing joke" and offered Maguire \$500 toward legal fees should he want to take the matter to court.

The dismissal by Walton, Maguire thought, would at least speed up his laicization request, and he went ahead with plans to marry his fiancée, a pretty C.U. doctoral candidate, Marjorie Reiley, 29. Invitations went out for an early summer wedding. At the last minute, still without word from Rome, the

couple canceled the rite itself and replaced it with a Mass and a reception.

Last week the Maguire Affair came at last to a conclusion. "We chose peace," Maguire told friends. He had agreed to give up his battle to stay at the school in return for "a just settlement" for the remaining year of his contract and a decree of laicization that would permit him to "continue working in the Catholic context." Early this month, from the Papal Secretary of State, came the news that the decree had been granted. Then, in a private, traditional ceremony in a Maryland church, Maguire's brother Joseph, a U.S. Navy chaplain, mar-



MARJORIE & DANIEL MAGUIRE
At last the word from Rome.

ried the couple. Writing to friends who had attended their "non-marriage," the newlyweds noted that "we had a wedding without a marriage July 3, and a marriage without a wedding August 10. There can be little doubt that we are finally, definitely married."

In September, Maguire starts teaching political and international ethics at Milwaukee's Marquette University, which already has four former priests on its faculty. But so far Daniel Maguire's long battle is ended only in the ecclesiastical and academic areas. His witty and strong-willed mother, Cassie, 80, matriarch of the Philadelphia Irish family, is willing to admit that the Pope may bow to pressure now and again and let a priest have his way. But she just may take her own good time before granting her dispensation.

If a new Vatican study is accurate—and the Vatican would hardly want to exaggerate—more and more priests will be leaving the active ministry in the next few years. A 300-page white book prepared for the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith

in fact projects that through 1975 some 20,000 more priests will ask for and get dispensation from their duties.

The projection is based on a detailed study of men leaving the priesthood from 1939 to March 1969, with an emphasis on the growing number of dispensations in the sixties. After 1964, the study noted, the number of priests leaving each year grew by an annual average of 336. The researchers concluded that from 1939 through 1970 more than 13,000 men—nearly 3% of the world's priests—officially left the ministry. Those who left unofficially, not included in the study, might as much as double the number. In the decade 1960-70, when more than 95% of the departures occurred, the Church itself grew by more than 100 million members.

As for the areas most affected, Chile led the Western Hemisphere, losing 6.1% of its priests, Brazil (4.5%) and Argentina (3.2%) outpaced both Canada (2.6%) and the U.S. (2%). In Europe, Holland had the highest percentage (5.9%), Spain a surprising 2.3%, Italy 1.5% and even Ireland 1.3%. The Vatican study analyzed the formal reasons the priests gave for their departure: the breakdown revealed that a growing number of priests are now leaving because of identity crises and for ideological reasons. The percentage who leave simply to marry is decreasing.

The Gay Church

Let's say I am what everybody calls me—an unnatural man, a corrupter of youth. What does the Church offer by way of faith, hope or charity? ... Do I need love the less? Do I need satisfaction less? Have I less right to live in contentment because somewhere along the line the Almighty slipped a cog in creation?

—The Devil's Advocate

When Homosexual Painter Nicholas Black spoke these words in Morris West's 1959 novel, homosexuality and Christianity seemed incompatible. For the vast majority of Christians in most churches, they still are, though there is a new—if somewhat grudging—acceptance of Black's point. What is more, at least two small new U.S. denominations are vigorously promoting an openly gay Christianity.

The larger of the two is the Rev. Troy Perry's Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles (TIME, July 13, 1970), which now has eleven affiliated congregations and eight missions throughout the country designed expressly for homosexuals (estimated total membership: 1,200). A second denomination for homosexuals, the American Orthodox Church* began public services just a year ago with its first congregation, the Church of the Beloved Dis-

* Not to be confused with the Orthodox Church in America, formerly the Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church of America.

* This requires a dispensation from the obligation of celibacy as part of a "receipt of laicization." The decree makes the priest, for all practical purposes, a layman, relieving him both of his obligations and priestly functions. Technically, he is a "priest forever" according to the ordination rite, and laicization deprives him only of the *licit* use of his powers, not the powers themselves. In emergencies, laicized priests are permitted to use their priestly faculties, for instance to give absolution to a person in danger of death.

ciple in Manhattan. Boasting 600 New York City members, the AOC now plans parishes in Tucson, Ariz., and Milwaukee. It has even started its own religious order, called the Oblate Companions of St. John. The order's first three members, two women and a man, will help run the Manhattan parish. So far, the order has no vows.

Though the American Orthodox Church maintains cordial ties with Perry's denomination, it has a "high church" tone markedly distinct from the evangelical character of the Metropolitan Community churches. Until three years ago, Father Robert M. Clement, 46, the New York denomination's mustachioed, long-haired founder, was a priest in the Polish National Catholic

mossexuals. A California United Church of Christ minister, Tom Maurer, 53, has recently announced, without reprisal, that he is a homosexual; a seminarian in the same denomination who publicly avowed his homosexuality is expected to be ordained next fall. On the other hand, the Rev. Gene Leggett, 36, was recently suspended by Texas Methodists after he had proclaimed his homosexuality at a ministers' meeting.

Sin by Silence. While few churches have made specific pastoral bids for homosexual worshippers, many others are at least taking a second look at the homosexual and his problems. As early as 1963, an official declaration on sexual morality from British Quakers stated that homosexuality was not in itself sin-



NOVICES OF HOMOSEXUAL RELIGIOUS ORDER AFTER MANHATTAN ROBIN CEREMONY
St. Paul condemned only the perverse.

Church of America to schismatic denomination splintered from Roman Catholicism in the 1890s. His services now are still masses—in the ancient and quite orthodox Gallican liturgy.

Clement's congregation uses Manhattan's Episcopal Church of the Holy Apostle for its services, but the Episcopal hierarchy has not approved of all of Clement's ventures. Though last month's robing ceremony for the Companions of St. John took place in the church's sanctuary, Bishop Horace W.B. Donegan asked them not to use the church for a widely publicized solemnization of a "holy union" between Pastor Clement and his lover of twelve years, John Noble, 50. Instead, the ceremony took place at an off-Broadway theater, the Performing Garage.

A few other local churches of mainstream Protestant denominations have become involved in the homosexual ministry. Several liberal "straight" churches in San Francisco have made a point of offering a haven to homosexuals since 1964. One of them, Glide Memorial Methodist Church, willingly blesses "pledges of commitment" between ho-

ful. One of the controversial parts of the Roman Catholic Dutch Catechism (1966) has been its judgment that St. Paul's condemnation of homosexuality was aimed only at those who perversely and consciously cultivate it, not at those whose psychological orientation leaves them little choice. Union Theological Seminary's John P. Rash wrote in the seminary's quarterly review last year that it was "doubtful" that the Bible condemned homosexuality.

To be sure, the haunted brand of homosexual Christianity that Perry and Clement practice will strain the patience of most churchgoers. Even many who are becoming humanely sympathetic to the homosexuals' plight are not yet willing to abandon the orthodox view that homosexuality is biologically unnatural and therefore morally wrong. But at an ecumenical Protestant conference on religion and the homosexual earlier this year in New York City, the Rev. Robert Wood of the United Church of Christ said that churches themselves have sinned by "silence in the face of the harassment and debasement of the homosexual person."

MILESTONES

Born. To Misha Dichter, 25, American piano prodigy who five years ago won second prize at the Third International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow; and Cipa Dichter, 25, Misha's former classmate at Juilliard; their first child, a boy; in Manhattan. Name: Gabriel Sviatoslav.

Died. Henry D. Haynes, 51, better known as Homer, the guitar-strumming, tobacco-chewing half of Homer and Jethro; of a heart attack; in Lansing, Ill. "Our first records were received with mixed emotions, like watching your mother-in-law drive your new Cadillac over a cliff," quipped Henry Haynes and Kenneth ("Jethro") Burns, the two Tennessee hillbillies who became a permanent team in 1936. Their deadpan delivery of such ditties as *How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?* soon caught on, and the drawing duo sold millions of records.

Died. James F. ("Prophet") Jones, 63, flamboyant Father Divine-style evangelist who amassed a fortune while fishing for souls; in Detroit. "My faith," he said, "teaches people to live to enjoy their milk and honey and chariots—Cadillacs, Lincolns, Chryslers—here on earth instead of going to heaven." As "Dominion Ruler" of his Detroit-based Church of the Universal Triumph, Jones willingly accepted gifts from his black congregation. At his peak in the 1950s, Jones' inventory included a 54-room mansion, a gold-handled cane, a \$17,000 diamond bracelet, a \$12,900 white mink coat and several limousines.

Died. James T. Berryman, 69, longtime political cartoonist of the Washington *Evening Star*; in Venice, Fla. Berryman was working as the paper's sports cartoonist when his father (Clifford Berryman, the *Star's* political cartoonist, fell ill in 1935. James filled in, stayed on to become half of the foremost father-son team in cartoon history. Clifford won a Pulitzer Prize in 1944 for a cartoon on the wartime Government's manpower-mobilization problems; James got his Pulitzer in 1950 for his McCarthy era drawing of a committee hearing room filled with microphones and cameras. The title: "All Set for a Super-Secret Session."

Died. The Right Rev. Angus Dun, 79, Episcopal Bishop of Washington, D.C., between 1944 and 1962 an outspoken liberal; of a stroke; in Washington. "I have learned that human existence is essentially tragic," said Bishop Dun, who as a child overcame a congenital defect that warped his limbs, only to lose a leg to polio later. "It is only the love of God that redeems the human tragedy." A strong supporter of the World Council of Churches, Dun was an ardent ecumenist.

A Bolt of Blue Lightning

ACCORDING to eyewitnesses, it "pops," "hops," "skips," "jumps," "bams," "burns," "booms," "tails," "snits," "smokes," "swoops," "sinks" or just plain "whooshes." If it sounds like a UFO, that is only because the hitters who have faced the fearsome fastball of Oakland A's Pitcher Vida Blue tend to endow it with out-of-this-world qualities. Roy White, the otherwise stable outfielder for the New York Yankees, claims that the Blue darter "speeds up on you and then seems to disappear." Kansas City Royals Third Baseman Paul Schaaf swears that "it jumps right over your bat." After his world champion Baltimore Orioles were beaten by Blue in two straight games, scoring only one run in 18 innings, Manager Earl Weaver had a more logical explanation. "I

tendence in seven years. He blazed on, swelling attendance figures by an estimated 15,000 fans wherever he performed. When Oakland opened a series against the Minnesota Twins with Blue on the mound, the gate was 23,334; next night, with Blue on the bench, it was 11,147. Between victories Nos. 17 and 18, Vida took time out to become the second-youngest pitcher in history to win the All-Star Game. Then it was on to Detroit to No. 19 before a crowd of 53,565. Afterward, the fans thronged outside the clubhouse chanting "We want Vida! We want Vida!"

Three days later, on July 28, the hottest pitcher in baseball celebrated his 22nd birthday, then returned to the Oakland Alameda Stadium to win No. 20. As usual, the organist played *Rhapsody*

culean effort, but considering Blue's record, anything seems possible. As of last week he not only had the best won-lost record in the majors (21-8), but he also led the league in strikeouts (240), completed games (19), shutouts (8) and earned-run average (1.62). For a veteran moundsman, such marks would be merely amazing. For a fledgling in his first full season in the big leagues, it is, as Oakland Pitching Coach Bill Posedel says, downright "scary."

No Herky-Jerky

Speedy southpaws, a notably skittish breed, are traditionally either late bloomers or early dropouts. Lefty Grove was 27 before he hit his stride, Ruben Waddell 25 before he found the strike zone, and Warren Spahn 25 before he won his first major-league game. And the lore of lefthanders is filled with tales of young fireballers like the Dodgers' Karl Spooner or Cleveland's Herb Score who, through injury or accident, ended their careers in one quick flame-out. "Vida's one of those kids who come along once in a lifetime," says Posedel. "He throws awful hard, and the only thing you don't know is if his arm is ready for it." Says A's Manager Dick Williams: "I'd like to keep him in a glass case between starts."

Blue seems made of sterner stuff. A muscle-ripping 6 ft., 190 lbs., he has none of the herky-jerky, elbow-popping moves that invariably send fastballers to the showers—or the osteopath. Rather he has a kind of loose, flowing grace that allows him to snap off a high, hard one with seemingly effortless ease. After dipping into a deep wind-up, he cocks his right knee to his shoulder, rears back until the ball is almost touching the ground behind him and then, in a whipping overhand motion, smokes it across the plate. "Vida has three things going for him," says Oakland Catcher Dave Duncan. "First, he's overpowering. Second, his ball moves. Third, he's sneaky. He has that nice, easy motion, so you think you can hit him. But you can't pick up the ball until it's too late."

Blue himself admits to no tricks. "My repertoire consists of three basic pitches: fastball, curve and changeup. I throw them all the same, lefthanded." You couldn't prove it by such heavy-hitting



BLUE CRANKING UP, COCKING AND FIRING
Up, down, in, out and just plain "whoosh."

think I have the answer," he said. "Our guys just didn't see the damn ball."

If so, the Orioles are no less myopic than the other American League teams that have been chasing the phantom fastballs of Vida (as in Ida) Blue (as in lightning). After losing the season opener to the Washington Senators, he won ten games in a row and became a kind of fireballing folk hero. When he posted victory No. 11 against the New York Yankees, the largest crowd to see a night game in Yankee Stadium in three years turned out for what was billed as "Blue Tuesday." Five days later, Blue won No. 12 in Washington before 40,246 fans, the Senators' largest Sunday at-

in Blue, and as usual, Vida got off to a slow start by loading the bases in the first inning. He pitched his way out of that jam, found his groove, and went on to blank the Chicago White Sox 1-0. When he squeaked to No. 21 last week by defeating the Boston Red Sox 5-3 in extra innings, a near capacity crowd of 32,858 showed up in Fenway Park despite tornado alerts and a rainstorm that delayed the start of the game for two hours.

With ten or so more starts remaining, Blue has a chance of becoming the first lefthander to win 30 games in a season since Lefty Grove posted a 31-4 record in 1931. It would take a her-



Oriole aide gives brush-off to bases.



Clown warms up crowd in Astrodome.
Young fan with free photo of Johnny Bench.



Indian cheerleader backs up Braves outfielder in Atlanta Stadium.

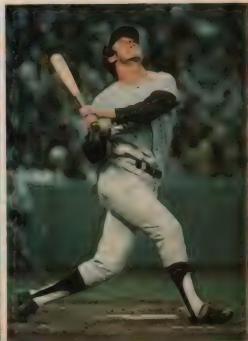
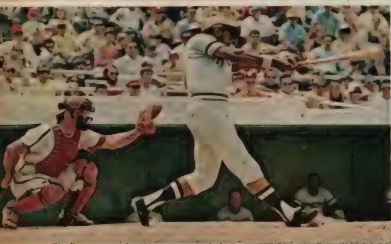
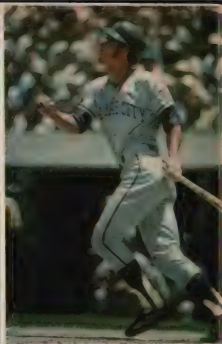
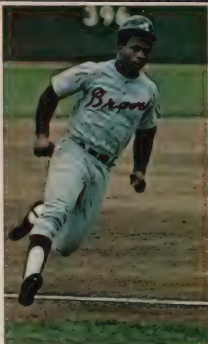


Fan gets chance to face Oriole pitcher; home run nets \$1,000.
Fans in hot pants compete at Oakland doubleheader.



In crowd-pleasing gimmick,
Phillies woo fans
with money "scrambles."

PHOTOGRAPHY



Orioles as First Baseman Boog Powell ("His fastball starts at the knees, takes off and goes by you chest-high"), Rightfielder Frank Robinson ("It tails away from you and sometimes it doesn't"), Third Baseman Brooks Robinson ("It's in and out, up and down") and Outfielder Merv Rettenmund ("It's straight but hard"). What Blue's victims do agree on is that five feet or so from the plate his fastball picks up speed and "pops" or "explodes" past them.

Blue himself confesses that half the time he uncorks a fast pitch he has only a vague idea of where it is going. Even so, his control is so good that he averages one strikeout per inning and has pitched six entire games this season without giving up a single walk.

Despite the undeniable effectiveness of his fastball, Blue has ambitions to be even better. "The more I pitch," he says, "the more I realize that I'm going to have to change speeds. That's the kind of pitcher I want to be. The 3-2 curve, the 3-2 changeup with the bases loaded. That's guts. But these are things I'm going to have to learn." He has already started. Early in the season, his approach was to "blow them down," meaning that he threw the fastball 90% of the time. Now he goes with the hard one only two out of three pitches, mixing in his snappy and slow curves to keep the batter guessing.

Hustling Ball Club

Possessed of an almost unsettling cool, Blue says that he concentrates so intently during a game that he is deaf to the cheers of the crowd. Before a game, he relaxes so thoroughly that he often falls asleep on the trainer's table. But once the game starts, he is a different man; he may be the only pitcher in the history of baseball who actually runs to and from the mound. "The A's are a hustling ball club," he says, "and I figured I should be there hustling with the rest of them."

As a team, the A's are doing so well that they are leading the American League's Western Division by 14 full games. Backstopping Blue, Oakland has one of the league's strongest trios of starting pitchers: Chuck Dobson (12-2), Catfish Hunter (14-10) and, coming back after an injury, Blue Moon Odom (7-8). Rollie Fingers and Mudcat Grant lend further color to the A's roster of unusual names—and authority to their bullpen. At the plate, Third Baseman

Sal Bando (18 homers, 73 RBIs) and Rightfielder Reggie Jackson (20 homers, 52 RBIs) provide the power. After a slow start, Centerfielder Rick Monday hit his stride two weeks ago when he clouted six homers in seven games. And when Monday or some other regular is not carrying the load, there always seems to be someone on the bench ready to take over, most notably Utility Men Tommy Davis (.322) and Gene Tenace (.314). Shut out only six times in 118 games this season, the A's are a well-rounded squad of solid, if not spectacular players who almost always manage to hustle a few runs across the plate. When Blue is pitching, one run is very often enough.

Though comparisons are inevitable, Blue does not welcome them. Invariably, A's Manager Williams will say, "Vida reminds me of Sandy Koufax—with a

fielders' spikes. While Cleveland President Veeck was once considered crass for handing out tree nylos to lady customers, there is now a Cash Scramble Day in Philadelphia featuring a group of fans battling for bills scattered across the field. "Action! Action! Action! With a little blood mixed in—that's what the fans want," says Oakland Owner Charles O. Finley.

Hot Pants Patrol

In Finley's stadium the action ranges from fireworks to greased-pig chases. In St. Louis it is rock, opera and country-and-western music concerts between doubleheaders. Atlanta boasts what it calls the "world's largest calliope" and Chief Noc-a-Homa, a full-blooded Indian who does a war dance on the mound before each game. There is an endless variety of "Days": Bat Day, Ball Day, Hel-

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



GROVES

THOMAS—L. S. DICK APRAH—S. I.



SPAHN



KOUFAX

A skittish breed of late bloomers and early dropouts.

five-year head start." And just as quickly Blue will add, "Funny, I don't look Jewish." He explains that "it's nice to be compared with Koufax or Lefty Grove, who were great in their time. But this is just my first year. What have I accomplished besides winning so-and-so many games? I'm not trying to imitate anybody. I'm Vida Blue. I just pitch the way Vida Blue does."

Blue has accomplished more than he suspects. He, and a score of other flashy young stars like him, is part of a new zip that is livening up the old ball game. Robe Waddell and the boys in fact would choke on their chaws of tobacco if they could see some of the carryings-on at the ballparks these days. Just 16 years ago, the Cleveland Indians were mocked for shuttling relief pitchers around in a leap. Today the Baltimore club not only has a golf cart in the shape of a huge Oriole cap but a pretty, broom-wielding girl to dust off the in-

met Day, T Shirt Day, Poster Day, Cushion Day, Sunglasses Day, Hot Pants Day, Wild West Day, Honor America Day, Latin America Day, A-Students Day, Plattsburgh Day. The day has also come when the baggy woolen uniforms of old are giving over to the pajama-like stretch-nylon duds worn by the Pittsburgh Pirates. In Oakland, Vida Blue & Co. turn out in uniforms of Kelly green and California gold with kangaroo-leather spikes dyed wedding-gown white.

"We try to make ball games more entertaining," says Philadelphia Phillies Vice President Bill Giles, "so the fans have something else to look forward to besides the game." Last week the Phillies were buried in fifth place in their division; yet the club's attendance has been running \$60,000 over last season. The chief reason is the new \$45,000,000 Philadelphia Veterans Stadium. The stadium has parking for 12,000, wall-to-wall artificial turf, escalators, theater-type seats,

Top Row: San Francisco's Chris Speier connecting, Atlanta's Ralph Garr legging it for home, and Kansas City's Amos Otis breaking away. Middle: Pittsburgh's Willie Stargell swinging for the fence, and the New York Mets' Bud Harrelson digging one out of the dust. Bottom: Cincinnati's Johnny Bench guarding the plate, Montreal's Rusty Staub taking a header, and the New York Yankees' Bobby Murcer hitting a high one.

air-conditioned boxes and usherettes called the Hot Pants Patrol. It has not just one but two exploding scoreboards that can do everything but cook the hot dogs. The big spectacular is a routine done by Philadelphia Phil and Phillis, two 25-ft.-high statues in colonial dress mounted at press-box level. When a Philly hits a home run, Phil strokes an animated Liberty Bell, which lights up along the crack, and the ball then ricochets and conks Phillis on the noggin. Phillis responds by shooting off a cannon while a large colonial flag unfurls from the press box and a fountain of "dancing waters" spouts in centerfield.

Is this the national pastime? Not really. Though the gals and giveaways undoubtedly help to fill some empty seats,

JOHN AXLAND/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



BLUE & FAN
Talk to the kids.

any club owner would trade in his erupting scoreboard tomorrow for one 20-game winner. "Give me a day with Vida Blue," says Senators' Vice President Joe Burke, "and 20,000 people will find their way to the stadium." Finley, the Barnum of baseball, is the first to agree: "You've got to have a good team. You can't ballyhoo a funeral."

Four seasons ago, the old death-of-baseball doomsayers figured that was all there was left to do. The games, they said, were too slow, too long, too many and too out of pace with the revved-up times. The only trouble with 1968 was that it was a "Year of the Pitcher." There was nothing really wrong with baseball that a few booming home runs wouldn't cure. Bowie Kuhn, who was appointed commissioner of baseball after the 1968 season, conspired to "restore the balance between offense and defense." The strike zone was tightened and the mound lowered. In addition, both leagues added two teams and divided into two divisions, thus doubling

the number of possible pennant contenders. The results were dramatic. From the 1968 to 1970 seasons, the total number of home runs hit in both leagues jumped from 1,995 to 3,429, and team batting averages rose from .237 to .253. Attendance, meanwhile, grew from 23,102,745 to a record 28,747,333. The bat, and baseball, was booming again.

Pounding and Pirouetting

Coming in the heyday of the hitter, Vida Blue's success is all the more remarkable. It also points out one of the happy paradoxes of the game: while many fans prefer the action of a double rattling off the wall, just as many dote on that subtle little duel between hurler and hitter. Baseball has its troubles—shaky franchises, feuding owners, player dissents—but as long as its basic appeals thrive, so too will the game.

And this season the thrills and techniques are there in flourishing array. It is Cincinnati Catcher Johnny Bench loosing one of his rocket-like throws to second. It is Montreal Rightfielder Rusty Staub making a sliding, onehanded catch. It is Yankee Centerfielder Bobby Murcer howling over the catcher at home plate. It is Atlanta Leftfielder Ralph Garr running out from under his hat as he steals yet another base. It is New York Mets Shortstop Bud Harrelson pirouetting over second base to begin a double play. It is Pittsburgh Leftfielder Willie Stargell pounding a thunderous drive. It is Kansas City Royals Centerfielder Amos Otis cutting down a runner at the plate with a perfect throw. And it is San Francisco Shortstop Chris Speier backhanding a low liner deep in the hole.

But most of all, baseball 1971 is Vida Blue. He is the kid they used to call Junior. Vida Rochelle Blue Jr., to be exact. Vida Blue Sr. was a laborer in the local iron foundry. The Blue kids, Junior and his four younger sisters and a brother, lived at the end of Mary Street, an unpaved stretch in the black section of Mansfield, La. The Blue home was a bright, eight-room frame house, but Junior was rarely there. He was always across the street in a vacant lot playing ball. Recalls Blue: "Just being around home in the summertime, being black and not having anything to do, you'd just get up and eat and play ball, then come back and eat and go play ball some more. That's how it was." By the time he entered all-black DeSoto High School, "I was almost a fully developed athlete."

No one was more convinced of that than DeSoto High Principal Lee Jacobs. The school had no baseball team at the time, but when Jacobs first saw Vida smoking them in on the sandlot, he decided to organize one "to exploit the potential of Blue." A diamond was laid out in a corner of the football field. There were no fences to hit the ball over, and the light poles for the football field cut through the outfield. It didn't matter. Once, when Blue was



AT HOME WITH FRIEND
Not impressed.

pitching in a game, DeSoto High Baseball Coach Clyde Washington recalls that he caught his centerfielder leaning against one of the light poles. "I told him to straighten up," says Washington. "He said, 'Why, Coach? The ball's not coming out here.' That's how much confidence they had in Vida's pitching. He was overpowering."

Too overpowering, in fact. In one seven-inning game, he pitched a no-hitter, struck out 21 men—and lost. "Vida's problem was somebody to catch him," explains Washington. "There were a lot of passed balls and dropped third strikes." Blue's old battery mate, Elijah Williams, remembers that he had to "cut off the fingers of a winter glove and wear that inside my mitt, but my hand will swell up after every game." Adds Washington: "We bought the best catcher's mitts and gave him sponges. Still his hand would swell up. He couldn't catch again for three days."

Bullets with Both Hands

Blue's teammates had less trouble catching his missiles on the football field. As a left-handed quarterback and captain of the team in his senior year, Blue threw a remarkable 35 touchdowns in 14 games. "It was nothing for him to throw 50 or 60 yards," says Football Coach Clarence Baldwin. "And he'd throw bullets, not arching passes. On short passes, he'd knock the receivers right down. I heard boys ask him not to throw so hard. There would be defenders on both sides of a man, and Vida would still put the ball right in the receiver's belly. In a pinch, he would throw with his right hand. When I first saw him do that, I decided to change my whole offense to suit his style."

As if passing with either hand were not enough, Blue was also the team's best runner. "I remember when we played Booker T. Washington in Shreveport," says Baldwin. "We were ahead 13-0 at the half, and it started raining cats and dogs. So Vida ran the ball the

whole second half; every play we had the ball he ran. We won 13-0." In his final season, Blue passed for 3,484 yds. Averaging 10.3 yds. a carry, he ran for 1,600 yds. more to pile up a total one-man offense of 5,084 yds.

New Man of the House

"How good a football player was I?" says Blue. "I think I could have made any college team in the country." Scouts from more than two dozen colleges agreed. Notre Dame wanted him. Purdue wanted him. Grambling wanted him. But Blue, who had spent most of his young life visualizing himself as Johnny Unitas, leaned toward the University of Houston, especially when Houston Coach Bill Yoeman proclaimed: "This young fellow is going to be the first big-name black quarterback. He's going to be the best lefthanded passer since Frankie Albert. That name alone will sell tickets."

As it happened, Mrs. Sallie Blue needed Vida more than Houston did. Vida Blue Sr. died, and Mrs. Blue told her elder son, "Now, Junior, you're the man of the house." Recalls Vida: "We had always had a happy, decent family life, but suddenly there we were with no real means of support. I had to do things that would show my brother and sisters that I could be a leader." He got his chance after Oakland Scout Connie Ryan saw him pitch one night in Mansfield and excitedly reported back to Finley: "He is the best lefthander I have seen in nine years of scouting." In short order, Finley was on the telephone offering Vida a reported \$35,000 bonus to sign with the A's. It was an agonizing decision, but as Coach Washington advised him, a payday in pro football was a long way off. Blue signed with the A's, spent part of his bonus remodeling the house on Mary Street, and then started throwing.

Farmed out to the Burlington, Iowa,

WITH MOTHER AT OAKLAND COLISEUM



Bees, he led the Midwest League in strikeouts with 231 and pitched a no-hitter. Moving on to Birmingham in 1969, he was briefly called up to the A's where as a spot starter he pitched 42 innings and, failing to effectively mix up his pitches, compiled a horrendous earned-run average of 6.21. After leading the American Association in strikeouts, he was brought up again last September. Blue recalls: "The first time I came up, it was like going into enemy grounds without knowing where the minefields were. But when I came back I knew where to put my feet down with sufficient caution." The first thing to explode was, of all things, his bat. In his first start, Blue, one of the few switch-hitting pitchers in baseball, cracked a three-run homer to help the A's to a 7-4 win. In his second outing, he hurled a one-hitter against Kansas City. His fourth time out he stunned the hard-hitting Minnesota Twins with a no-hitter. The Blue Blazer was on his way.

\$13,000-a-Year Hiring

The way has not been easy. First of all, there was Charley O. Finley. When Blue turned red-hot this season, the A's flamboyant owner came to him with a proposition: "I'll give you \$2,000 if you go over and have your name legally changed to Vida True Blue. We'll take the name Blue off your uniform and have them use True. I'll tell the broadcast boys to call you True Blue. How's that?" That, said Blue, sounded like ole massa was bestowing a pet name on one of his slaves. He refused. "Vida was my father's name," he says. "It means 'life' in Spanish. I loved my father. Now that he's dead, I honor him every time the name Vida Blue appears in the headlines. If Mr. Finley thinks it's such a great name, why doesn't he call himself True O. Finley?"

Finley just harrumphed, but later he presented his prize pitcher with a new powder blue Cadillac with license plates reading V BLUE. "The car cost \$10,000," says Finley, "and Vida came to me and said, 'Mr. Finley, that nice big car is fine. But that thing is going to take more than I make in a year to drive, what with upkeep and gas.' So I told Vida, 'O.K., I agree.' And the next day he had a credit card from me. A couple of weeks later, he came to me again and said, 'Mr. Finley, that nice car is great. But I don't dress like a man who drives a Cadillac.' So I gave him a check for \$1,000 for a new wardrobe." Blue and Finley are both aware of the game they are playing. As a \$13,000-a-year hireling, Vida is clearly the biggest bargain in baseball. And come contract-negotiating time next year, the bidding could possibly start at \$100,000.

Is success spoiling Vida Blue? Not according to his teammates. Though it would be easy enough to resent him (when Finley gave Blue the Cadillac, one pitcher cracked: "If I win four games do you think Charley will give me a Honda?"), Oakland First Baseman

Mike Epstein reflects the sentiments of all: "He's got it. He's a nice, likable kid. Nonassuming. It's hard for a kid getting the press like he's getting, but he comes and does his job." Mrs. Sallie Blue agrees. "He's a wonderful boy. He never changes. They make this fuss over him, but he's the same Vida. The only difference is now he paces the floor when I talk to him. He just keeps walking back and forth, kind of nervous and fidgety."

The symptoms are familiar. What's bothering Blue of late is the mounting crunch of success. Says he: "You go to a town and the newspapers say 'sensational this' and 'sensational that,' and there may be 30,000 or 40,000 people out there at the ballpark. They're all staring and wondering whether I'm real, whether I'm a robot, whether I'm hu-

PHOTO BY AP/WIDE WORLD



FINLEY & A'S MASCOT
You can't ballyhoo a funeral.

man. There's a guy on third and nobody out, and they expect you to strike out the side. Not maybe two ground balls and a strikeout. No, three straight strikeouts they want. Nine straight strikes to be exact. But I'm no miracle man. I can be hit nine miles just like anybody else. If you throw a strike, you're gonna get hit and I don't care who you are. Somebody is going to hit you, man. You're gonna pay the dues."

Two weeks ago, when the Kansas City Royals scored five runs and shelled him out of a game that the A's eventually won 7-5, Blue could only sit in front of his locker, shaking his head and muttering, "Mercy, mercy, mercy me. I'm almost crazy from the pressure." When, as always, the newsmen crowded around him, he pointed to his teammates and said, "Why don't you go talk to them? They won the game. I didn't do anything." Though accommodating to the press, Blue objects to being hounded constantly for interviews. "It's a weird scene. You win a few baseball games, and all of a sudden you're surrounded by reporters and TV men

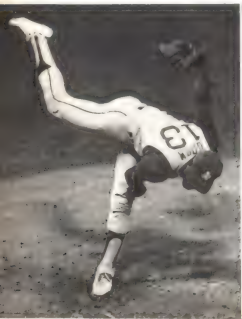


MONDAY SLIDING HOME
Baggy uniforms are out.

with cameras, asking things about Viet Nam and race relations and stuff about yourself. Man, I'm only a kid. I don't know exactly who I am. I don't have a whole philosophy of life set down."

When he is annoyed by being asked the same questions ("Who is your hero?" "What's your biggest thrill?" "Will you win 30 games?"), Blue tends to go into his shufflin', put-on routine: "It sholy is nice to have you fellas come an' talk to a po' boy lak me. Now some of you may not be aware of what sholy means. That's something we say down home. It's almost the same as *surely*." Hounded as he is, Blue is still very conscious of what he calls "Bogartin'." The way he tells it, "Bogartin' is when a guy walks around like he owns the world, or acts superior or pushes other people around. I keep telling myself, 'Don't get bigheaded. Be good to the writers. Talk to the kids. Sign autographs. Don't brag. Throw a ball into the stands once in a while.'" Blue is especially careful not to appear "hot-doggish" to his teammates. When a group of airline executives asked him to

ODOM FOLLOWING THROUGH



appear at their banquet, he said, "Invite the rest of the team and I'll be happy to come." On another occasion, when a TV interviewer complimented him on his poise, he drawled: "Well, I'm not Sidney Poitier yet."

Then there are "all these friends I didn't know I had. They're from my home town, my home state, people I meet in the meat market. Yeah, there are a lot of girls, too. They might be impressed with me, but I'm not impressed with them. I guess you could call me a square. I usually don't go out more than three or four times during a road trip. I do okay with women. But most of the time I'd just rather get me a bottle of soda and a paper, watch some TV and go to bed."

Bachelor Blue lives with Teammate Tommy Davis in a modest apartment in a middle-class black section of Oakland. Davis, 32, a two-time National League batting champion, screens Vida's telephone calls and advises him on everything from hitters' weaknesses to handling the press. "I try to guide Vida," says Davis, "but I don't have to do that much. He's a 22-year-old who acts like a man of 30. The only thing I don't like about him is that he starts cussing and runs out of the apartment when I play my flute."

Cutting Up and Cringing

On days off, Blue will shoot a game of pool or hit some golf balls at a nearby driving range (he does both right-handed). Other times, he sits around his apartment listening to records (the Temptations, Aretha Franklin, Stevie Wonder) or talking baseball with the neighborhood kids, who are always stopping by. On occasion, he will accompany the kids to the playground—not to play but to umpire their games. "They haven't asked me to warm up yet," he says. At the stadium, Blue doesn't merely toss the ball around in the outfield to warm up like the other players. He runs football pass patterns, zigzagging this way and that to haul in the "passes" of his teammates. In the clubhouse, he likes to don his Joe Namath jersey and run off a few plays with the clubhouse boys. "Do I miss football? Sure. There are times when I can see myself standing behind the Baltimore Colts' offensive line, calling audibles to pick up a blitz. But that doesn't mean that I don't love baseball. What the heck, I'm here."

He is indeed. But Vida is in fact a sports fan all seasons. When he returns to Mansfield in the winter to stoke up on Mrs. Blue's collards and pork chops, the first thing he does is check out the high school football team. "I just go out to give them some hints," he says, "and before I know it, I find myself di-

agramming plays, giving a little chalk talk here and there." When the high schoolers are not practicing, Blue fills in at quarterback for a team of neighborhood kids, diligently running them through their paces, even in the rain and mud. When the football season ends, he can be found most afternoons in jeans, sneakers and sweatshirt working out with the DeSoto High basketball team. "It's just great," says Vida, "It makes me feel happy, and older too."

What would make him happiest of all would be for people to stop bugging him about game No. 30. Popping hubblegum or chewing on a toothpick ("They're part of my equipment," he says), Blue eases the pressure by cutting up with his teammates. But he cringes as soon as someone quizzes him



JACKSON PRETZELING UP
Often, one run is enough.

about those other pieces of equipment: the two dimes that he always carries in his back pocket when he pitches. Rumor has it that they represent the 20 wins he expected to get this season. Blue is noncommittal. "Just say they are a little superstition of mine. Anything special about them? 'Yeah. They have 'In God We Trust' on them.'"

Now he has a third dime, one that American League President Joe Cronin gave him at the All-Star Game. When someone asks if the 30c might signify 30 wins, Vida cringes some more. "Thirty wins!" he exclaims, slamming his fist down on a table. "There's that pressure again." Pleads Blue: "I'm not trying to break any records or strike out a lot of people. I just want to win. I'm not a real pitcher, not yet. I haven't really mastered my craft. I just want to do the best I can. I want to be a good professional. I want to be good at what I'm doing. I want to be the best." There are those who would say he already is.

THE LESS YOU KNOW ABOUT CARS, THE MORE YOU NEED A VOLVO.

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According to the most recent figures, Americans spend about \$25 billion repairing cars. That's for one year.

Some automobile manufacturers are countering this problem by providing owners with free fix-it-yourself kits.

Volvo is countering this problem by trying to build cars that don't need a lot of fixing in the first place.

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And the 4-wheel disc brakes never need adjustment. Or relining, because there's no need to reline them. Volvos have brake pads that can be inexpensively replaced in minutes.

These are just some of the reasons why you so rarely see a Volvo in a repair shop. And if you do, it's probably because the guy who owns the place owns it.

SHOCKS MUFFLERS BRAKES TUNE-UPS



SHOW BUSINESS

Hollywood (Hot) Dog Days

When Hugh Hefner is the social draw in Hollywood, it is obvious that there have been great changes in lotus land. From his 30-room mansion, New Arrival Hefner stages Sunday barbecues replete with Playboy bunnies, while Hollywood oldtimers seem to be making do with hot dogs and sangria. Some of the established hostesses, Roz Russell, Denise Minnelli, Mrs. Gregory Peck, still stage conspicuously sumptuous affairs now and again. But in the new Hollywood such lavishness seems almost ostentatiously out of date.

The change has come about both by necessity and choice. Partly it has resulted from the economic depression hanging over the movie industry, partly from a desire to shuck the formal, gaudy pastimes of old in favor of a more ca-

\$300,000, then squeezed himself into a nine-room house.

"They're not draining the pools yet," says Producer Jack Haley Jr. Tennis is perhaps the biggest pastime. "It's a good outlet now when there's so much tension," says Anne Douglas. Indeed, there are still plenty of backyard pools and private tennis courts. But instead of holding a tennis tournament at the exclusive and expensive Beverly Hills Tennis Club, followed by a lavish buffet, tennis fans like Dinah Shore and Efrem Zimbalist Jr. are settling for simple at-home matches with pizza and hot dogs served up afterward.

When Henry Fonda threw a party some months back to celebrate the opening of his ABC television series (*The Smith Family*), he served all-American fare: hot dogs, sauerkraut and potato salad. "They no longer tent the whole

the red. After the phenomenal success of *Easy Rider*, studios rushed in with imitations, this time to catch the youth market on the cheap; so there are now cans full of little *Easy Riders* that will never be distributed. To cut down Hollywood overhead, more movies are shot on location and lots continue to be sold off. Last week James Aubrey, president of MGM, announced the sale of 68 acres of the MGM back lot to real estate developers Levitt & Sons, Inc. Columbia will move in with Warners to share spatial expenses.

Unemployment in the craft unions—technicians, stagehands, propmen and the like—runs about 80%. Of 634 screenwriters in Hollywood, only 110 are actively employed. Although it always has a high unemployment rate among its 23,000 members, the Screen Actors Guild now has a record 90% out of work. Theatrical agents are feeling the pinch: CMA, one of the biggest agencies, recently cut its staff by 30%. Other agencies are following suit.

Salvation Army. A big boon to hungry movie stars is their archenemy television, referred to in Hollywood these days as "the Salvation Army." Last year actors earned a mere \$18 million from movies, while television brought them \$61 million. One-shot guest appearances on television series, which used to bring in as much as \$10,000 per segment, are snapped up at \$2,500 or so each. More and more stars—Shirley MacLaine, Tony Curtis, James Stewart, Glenn Ford, Anthony Quinn, James Garner, Rock Hudson—are signed up for their own TV series. Ninety-minute television movies, once scoffed at by many stars, are another staple and stable way to keep busy. Among the high-class faces appearing this season will be James Earle Jones, Sandy Dennis and Jane Wyman.

Even peddling products on the home screen is not as déclassé as it once was. Commercials may not be exactly old-age pensions, but it is veteran performers who are especially drawn to them. Ray Milland is selling encyclopedias and Betty Grable is touting Geritol. Jack Benny is on for the Savings and Loan Association. Tony Martin plumps for his own brand of pantyhose, and Van Johnson sells out flakes.

Star Moonlighting. The stars are doing whatever else they can to make expensive ends meet. Elke Sommer has opened an antique shop, Peter Lawford started an organic food company. Zsa Zsa Gabor snips ribbons at shopping-center openings at \$4,000 a clip. Mervyn Leroy is writing his autobiography. Yvette Mimieux is drafting scripts—for herself, she hopes. Gene Kelly is set to direct a company of clowns for a cross-country tour. Even Georgie Jessel has announced that he is going back to nightclubs to make a living. "There's nothing left to this town," he figures, "not even for a toastmaster."

In some quarters, there is scant pity for the fallen stars. "My heart doesn't



MGM'S AUBREY & LEVITT'S FISCHER ON BACK LOT
"They're not draining the pools yet."

sual life-style. While stars who once made a million dollars a year are now frequently making less than half that, they are hardly hurting for a meal. But the economic crunch has taken its toll. Discotheques are closing, servants are being let go, and psychiatrists have more leisure time. Private jets and yachts are up for grabs. Hostesses are turning from expensive fresh-flower arrangements to polished fruit to adorn their tables.

At-Home Matches. "The recession in the film business has affected everyone," says Anne Douglas, wife of Kirk. The Douglas home is on the market, priced at \$750,000. Nor is it languishing alone up on the block: there are twice as many houses in the Beverly Hills, Bel Air and Holmby Hills areas listed this year as last year. George Hamilton sold his 39-room manor for

damned yard," says Ronny Clint, manager of Chasen's, whose catering business is off 30% from last year. Says Chuck Pick, one of Hollywood's professional car parkers, "I used to do the athletic parties two or three times a week. Now, if it weren't for doctors, lawyers and businessmen, I'd be out of business."

The reason for all this is simple: the sagging movie business. This has been going on for a long time (during the late 1940s, Hollywood produced almost 500 films a year; the figure is about 100 now), but lately things have taken a sharp turn for the worse because of the recession, declining profits, rising costs, and audience boredom. Millions were lost when lavish imitations of moneymakers flopped: *Hello, Dolly!* cost \$20 million to make; it is still in

bleed for the guy who was making \$100,000 and is reduced to \$40,000," says one screenwriter. Few worry that Charlton Heston, who used to command a cool million a picture, now has to make do with \$300,000. "There aren't stars any more. We're all up for grabs," says Sally Kellerman, who made her name in *M*A*S*H*, but lives in a "regular-size house with not enough view to be depressing. From here we can't see the city or the studios falling apart." Which in her view is only their just reward. "Film makers here are finally being forced to dig deeper and come up with statements that people will come to see. If the old right guard of the studios just keeps putting old stuff in new wrappings, they deserve to fail."

The Rat Pack

Willard is a low-budget chiller about a revengeful young man and his army of lethally trained rats (*TIME*, July 26). The rumor goes that when one executive heard that his company was involved with the film, he was furious. "You're nuts!" he exploded, and demanded that the bloodiest rat scenes be cut. Grislier heads prevailed, the scenes remained, and last week on the *Variety* box-office chart, *Willard* was not only in the top spot but was outgrossing *Love Story* by almost 10 to 1.

Gilbert Ralston, who wrote the screenplay, says *Willard* as "a rat morality play. It's based on the concept that man carries within him the seeds of his own destruction. The evil he does will turn back on him." That it certainly does. Willard (Bruce Davison) is an underachiever in his 20s who likes rats but is also something of a rat fink. He stands by spinelessly when his mean-minded boss (Ernest Borgnine) kills Socrates, one of his pets. Socrates' best friend, a rat named Ben, witnesses the act. It is thus easy, when Willard gets fired, for him to persuade Ben to lead the pack on a fatal late-night visit to the boss. Later on, however, quite on his own, Ben sees to it that Willard himself meets a similar end.

Nibble on People. Most audiences root for the rats, sometimes yelling a resounding "Right on, Ben!" when he leads the cast of hundreds in the charge on Willard. Moe Di Sessa, a wildlife trainer who works out of the San Fernando Valley, spent a full year assembling, casting and coaching Ben, Socrates and the others. "As soon as a rat was born we'd start handling it," Di Sessa explained. "Then we taught it to do specific things."

One of the specific things was chewing doors. The teaching method? Simple: "We smeared the doorjamb with peanut butter." Another task: to nibble on people. Di Sessa's son, 18, spent a good part of three months lying down in a large box, his body covered with peanut butter, while baby rats ate their fill. "We kept adding more and more rats until finally we had 200 crawling over

him," says Di Sessa. Young Di Sessa admits to having been a bit frightened at first, but by the end "I was laughing out loud." Reason? They tickled.

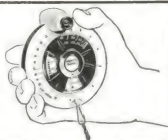
Staying the Course. It was then up to Director Daniel Mann (*Butterfield 8*, *The Rose Tattoo*) to put the rats through their dramatic paces. He may well go down in cinematic history as the Cecil B. DeMille of rodent movies: the rats swarm through *Willard* as if they were born to stardom. There was one problem, though: getting enough rat shrieks for the sound track. With a watchful fellow from the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in daily attendance, the sound men had to be crafty. One day, when the A.S.P.C.A. man was not looking, they copped a couple of squeals by squeezing the rats' tails and used the recorded sounds countless times over during the course of the film.



ERNEST BORGNINE & RATS
Right on, Ben!

As for Davison and Borgnine, at first it was thought that they would use doubles, but both decided to stay the course themselves. In the scene where the rats attack Borgnine, prop men stood overhead and poured the live turries down on him. One rat, obviously carried away with the drama of the moment, drew a little Borgnine blood. No matter: after a quick tetanus booster (for Borgnine), both were back in action.

Of all the rats he has worked with, Ben is the most gifted, according to Director Mann. At one point Ben stands on a mantelpiece and stares grimly at Willard. "I actually felt that Ben was acting," says Mann. "I never saw anything look that mean." Naturally, to cash in on *Willard*'s smashing success, a sequel is in the works. For all his fans, it will star and be titled *Ben*. Unemployment may be rampant in Hollywood, but not for real rats.



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BUSINESS

Pensions: Pitfalls in the Fine Print

In the Depression '30s, a lanky South Dakota doctor named Francis Townsend won the backing of millions of elderly Americans with his plan for \$200-a-month pensions for everyone over 60. Today his scheme, which most economists once dismissed as a crackpot idea, seems almost conservative. It has been upstaged by a combination of Social Security and private pension plans that offer retirement income to workers as a matter of course. Still, the difference between plans and payoffs is often painful. Many of those who lost their jobs during last year's recession and this summer's slow recovery are learning a new truth about pensions. Buried in the fine print of many labor contracts and corporate retirement plans is a clause stating that an employee's pension is not "vested"—that is, his employer's contributions do not belong to him—until he has worked for the company a score or more years. If he switches jobs or unions before then, or is laid off, or if his company goes bankrupt, he is left with nothing but Social Security.

Voter Concern. Originally designed to persuade valued employees to stay with a company, delayed vesting has become a pitfall for those who do not. According to the U.S. Department of Labor, from 30% to 50% of the 30 million workers covered by private pension plans will never see a nickel in benefits. They will either change jobs—or die—before they become eligible for a pension, or the fund that manages their money will be unable to pay up. Each year, some 30,000 workers lose out on pensions simply because their employers go broke.

The problem is faced by blue-collar and white-collar workers alike. One con-

cerned group, for instance, is the 125,000-member Council of Engineers and Scientists, whose membership has been hard hit by mass layoffs in the aerospace industry. This week, as vacationing Congressmen meet their constituents, pensions will undoubtedly register high among the topics of voter concern. New York Senator Jacob Javits reports that his mail on the subject runs second only to Viet Nam.

The reason was made clear at a series of hearings held by New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams just before Congress recessed two weeks ago. One witness, New York Shoe Salesman Murray Finkelstein, recounted how he piled up pension credits for 19 years. Then, last year, the store where he worked went out of business. Now he must

work for 15 more years before he can draw a pension under his new employer's plan. "I will have to be 75 before I can retire," he told the committee. "I've had a heart attack and I don't know if I can last until then."

Two Detroit machinists formerly employed by the Michigan Tool Co., Earl MacLeit and George Silver, told similar tales of woe. Each of them was laid off after more than three decades of steady work when Michigan Tool's parent company, Ex-Cell-O Corp., decided to move the Detroit operation to North Carolina. The men were not invited to relocate. Now they subsist on unemployment checks.

To protect others from a similar plight, the subcommittee is considering legislation drafted by Javits, as well as other proposals. Generally, they would require companies to:

- ▶ Give their employees an irrevocable right to a percentage of their retirement pensions after a fixed number of years. Javits' bill would grant 10% vesting after six years' service, increasing to 100% after 15 years. Another proposal, by Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader, calls for legislation that would create pension-fund trusts to manage individual employee retirement funds—no matter who their employers are.

- ▶ Set aside enough money each year to meet pension obligations. In some cases, fund managers plowed millions into speculative stocks during the 1968-69 bull market only to see their investments shrivel during the 1970 slide. Other companies did not bank enough money during lean years, and are now burdened with enormous liabilities. Uniroyal Inc. "owes" \$450 million to its fund; Western Union, which last year



SENATOR JAVITS
Ensuring an irrevocable right.

paid the equivalent of \$2 per share to meet its fund obligations, would have to pay 44% of company assets—\$365 million—to fund its pension plan fully. ▶ Set new standards for the administration and financing of pension funds—by companies or unions. The committee intends to hold further hearings this fall, and will have no lack of examples of mismanagement. Last year officials of the United Mine Workers were found in breach of fiduciary trust for allowing millions in assets to languish in a mine-controlled bank. The D.C. Transit Co. invested \$2 million owed to its workers' pension fund to finance its own real estate. Javits' bill would compel fund managers to buy insurance against defaults or bankruptcies.

Businessmen, particularly pension-fund managers, who control more than \$130 billion in assets—the largest pool of private capital in the country—are wary of the bill, particularly of its provisions for mandatory vesting. Jean M. Lindberg, senior vice president of Chase Manhattan Bank, a major fund manager, predicts that pension costs could go up from 5% to 15% for many companies if Javits' bill is passed. For some industries, particularly those with high employee turnover—such as the hard-pressed textile industry—the extra cost could go as high as 20% and drive them out of business.

Fresh Load. The basic problem for management is that pension funds are already overloaded with large commitments. Businessmen point out that precedents set by public employers, such as New York City's agreement last spring giving firemen full pay after 40 years of service, are destined to become ammunition for labor during future bargaining. Over the past decade, employer contributions to pension funds have increased by 133.3%, but the funds' obligations have risen by 234.9%. The difference is being made up largely by the growth of fund investments. But some experts expect that if the trend continues, fund managers will have to increase employer contributions or look for high-yield investments that often carry high risks as well. Any fresh regulatory load would only increase the demands on the funds.

The Nixon Administration has a task force at work on a version of pension reform that is milder than Javits' bill. But business opposition and the immense complexity of the subject could well forestall passage of any bill this year. 1972 could be a different matter. Few legislators would want to vote against safer pensions in an election year, and popular interest might well soar as rapidly as it did for Medicare. The most compelling case for reform was summed up by Senator Javits: "It is a rare thing to find a major American institution—private pension plans—built upon human disappointment. We should be moved to act with determination to make that institution deliver upon its promises."

The Red Baron Strikes Again

WHILE thousands of young Americans were taking advantage of cut-rate fares and jetting to Europe this summer, executives of 40 international airlines voluntarily grounded themselves in Montreal. In 40 days of meetings they tried to reach an agreement on a new set of transatlantic fares to be charged by all members of the International Air Transport Association (I.A.T.A.). The 108-member cartel has dictated the price of international air travel for 26 years, but by the time the meeting adjourned last week, it was no longer dictating. It had managed to work out a complex compromise, and the agreement may come apart before the summer ends. The West German state-

tween New York and London in the off season.

The catch is that passengers would have to pay for their seats at least 90 days before departure and would be charged a penalty of 25% of the price should they fail to show up for their scheduled flights. There would also be a new winter fare of \$200 applicable between Nov. 15 and March 15 for a New York-London round trip. Fares would be cut by 8% for "affinity groups" (clubs, professional groups, etc.) that book at least ten seats. That would bring the cost of an off-season New York-London round trip, for example, down to \$180.

In Montreal, the West Germans argued that the new fares, especially APEN,



"Wow! I'll bet they're flying for practically zero!"

owned airline Lufthansa ("The Route of the Red Baron") was not happy with the new fares, and unless the line changes its mind by Sept. 1, an unprecedented air-fare war might well break out over North Atlantic routes.

I.A.T.A.'s final proposal, which must receive unanimous approval to become effective, would keep intact the basic fare of \$554 for a round-trip economy flight between New York City and London in the peak season. But four innovations would substantially cut ticket prices for many vacationers. The proposed schedule would maintain transatlantic youth fares of \$195 to \$225, depending on the season, for anyone aged twelve through 21—a modification of the reductions that swept the industry earlier this summer. It would grant a similar privilege to adults, through an advance-purchase excursion plan (called APEN), which provides for fares as low as \$199 for a round trip be-

would only add confusion to the tangle of transatlantic fares already in effect. Lufthansa officials also claimed that they want to lower some rates even below those now proposed by I.A.T.A. Should the high basic rates of scheduled carriers remain in effect, however, Lufthansa is in a strong position to become a major charter carrier. Its charter subsidiary Condor was the first such firm to buy a Boeing 747 jetliner, and it will soon have a second.

If the West Germans hold firm to their refusal, as most I.A.T.A. members expect them to, some other airlines plan to put the proposed I.A.T.A. fare structure into effect anyway. But few executives believe that it would last for long. "Outside I.A.T.A., it is a gentlemen's agreement," says BOAC Canadian Marketing Manager Zachary Clark. "It would be hard to police, and the 'gentlemen' part would be put under a pretty severe strain."

AIRLINES Airports Across the Wall

While West Germany's Lufthansa was stonewalling over proposed new transatlantic air fares, another long-established pattern was being challenged in one of the world's more profitable aviation markets: the divided city of Berlin. In this case, the initiative came from East Germany, which eagerly wants more passengers to use East Berlin's Schönefeld Airport and is making its bid at a time when Four-Power negotiations on the status of the city appear to be on the verge of success (see THE WORLD).

Schönefeld has long operated in the shadow of West Berlin's bustling Tempelhof air terminal. All together, 5.5 million air passengers a year stream in and out of West Berlin compared to the 1.5 million who travel to or from East Berlin. Lately, travelers from West Berlin have discovered that Interflug, the East German flag carrier, offers some of the world's greatest fare bargains to those willing to take a bus through the city's dividing wall. Interflug charges only \$110 for a round trip to Istanbul, \$354 to Tehran and \$152 to Beirut. And the flights are direct. Passengers flying out of Tempelhof would have to change planes at Frankfurt and pay a Western airline \$300 for a round-trip ticket to Istanbul, \$572 to Tehran and \$408 to Beirut.

Fat Prize. Schönefeld officials are trying to boost traffic further by persuading some West European carriers to use the airport's expanded facilities. Since the end of World War II, air service to West Berlin has been the exclusive preserve of the occupying powers' designated airlines: Pan American, British European Airways and Air France. The run has been a particularly rich prize for Pan Am. The line's Boeing 727s log 96 flights a day in winter and 117 in summer—usually with more than two-thirds of their seats filled.

No longer willing to be locked out of this lucrative trade, other West European airlines are pressing for landing rights in West Berlin. Alitalia, SAS and KLM have been particularly active, but Sabena and Swissair have also put out feelers. Much to the consternation of Pan Am, the U.S. is willing to welcome additional carriers, but Britain is so far unwilling to agree.

Consequently, several of the carriers are now talking to East German officials about using Schönefeld. KLM, in fact, now stops there "on demand" if enough passengers on its Amsterdam-Moscow flight want to get off or on in East Berlin. The airlines' interest in East Berlin is genuine enough, but it might flag if a new agreement permits expanded air service between Tempelhof and Western capitals.

Interflug's low fares also pose a problem. After studying the possibility of using Schönefeld, Swissair concluded that it could not compete there prof-

itably. For the same reason, Austrian Airlines, which has a mutual landing agreement that permits it to operate out of Schönefeld, does not make use of the privilege. If East Germany really intends to attract Western airlines, it will have to raise Interflug's subsidized fares on competing routes, and that in turn might well make Schönefeld less attractive to travelers. But even the highly preliminary talks held so far suggest that Tempelhof and the three Western powers are not likely to be able to keep West Berlin traffic to themselves indefinitely.

MONEY

Devaluation Jitters

The U.S. has been troubled for so long by inflation and balance of payments deficits that European money markets respond with knee-jerk nervousness to almost any news about the dollar. Thus, last week, the latest word from Washington sent money speculators scurrying to the major exchanges. Cause of all the excitement was a report issued by the Congressional subcommittee on international exchange and payments. Committee Chairman Henry Reuss of Wisconsin and his colleagues suggested that the U.S. dollar should be devalued—preferably by an upward revision in the price of strong currencies like the West German Deutsche Mark. Short of that, they would settle for unilateral action on Washington's part.

Reuss has voiced such recommendations repeatedly over the past few months and his report was quickly disavowed by the Nixon Administration, which has always refused even to consider devaluation. Even so, it convinced many money men that such a move might be secretly under consideration in Washington. Only two years ago, after all, President Georges Pompidou chose the depths of the August business doldrums to lower the value of the franc by 12½%. Now, profit-seek-

ers rushed to the Continent's central banks to exchange their greenbacks for currencies that would presumably rise if the dollar were devalued. The price of the dollar was forced down in France, West Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Britain. Other speculators traded hectically for gold, counting on an increase in its price if the dollar were devalued. At one point, the price of gold on the free markets rose to a new three-year high.

Wider Bands. To stem the dollar inflows, Switzerland's central bank ordered an emergency ten-day delay in the delivery of francs purchased with dollars. The hope is that speculators will be unwilling to tie up their money for that long. French and Belgian central bankers have recently ordered commercial members to turn down foreign deposits that appeared to be speculative—a job requiring detective work that is much easier to perform in the clubby world of European bankers than it would be in the U.S. The move could lead to a much wider "two-tier" exchange system, with separate rules for speculative and ordinary money flows.

Such measures may be effective for the short term, but inevitably they will also block the flow of some long-term capital investment. Moreover, they do nothing to solve the basic problem: the dollar's increasingly obvious overvaluation. The U.S. recently took one step toward reform by proposing a widening of the bands within which the currencies of nations belonging to the International Monetary Fund are allowed to fluctuate. If the U.S. proposal is accepted by I.M.F. directors at their annual meeting in September, the limits would be expanded from 1% to 3%, permitting an effective devaluation of the dollar by as much as 6%.

Just how long that move might halt the increasingly frequent runs on the dollar is uncertain. But it may be the only major reform possible in the immediate future. European nations are not anxious to lose export sales, as they would if they raised the value of their own currencies. In the U.S., the President cannot reasonably be expected to declare any kind of dollar devaluation until after the 1972 election.

AUTOS

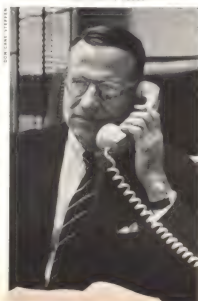
Safety Upstages Styling

The changes in new models should be so novel and attractive as to create dissatisfaction with past models. Automobile design is not, of course, pure fashion, but the laws of Paris dressmakers have come to be a factor in the automobile industry. Woe to the company which ignores them.

—Alfred P. Sloan Jr.

Ever since 1928, when General Motors first introduced yearly style changes, Sloan's Law has been reaffirmed at every annual new model preview. But this year, the tradition of a new style

WISCONSIN'S REUSS





HORNET'S INTERIOR BY GUCCI
A test of Sloan's Law.

every autumn is being ignored by both the biggest and the smallest of Detroit's automakers—G.M. and American Motors. They are postponing cosmetics to concentrate on Government demands for safety and engineering improvements, many of which are only in the design stage. Shock-absorbing bumpers, for example, will be required by law in 1973; passenger safety restraints that will work automatically in a collision are slated for 1974; and in 1975, emission-control systems will have to cut exhaust pollution almost to zero. This year G.M. cars will offer few visible changes. Says a company engineer: "Our styling and design departments are almost nonexistent. All the money is going for emission and safety research."

Rare Test. By contrast, Ford and Chrysler, who must meet the same Government requirements, decided that they had to have styling changes this year as well. The fate of the new models in the showrooms will thus provide a rare test of Sloan's Law. Chrysler Corp. is promoting style changes in such full-sized models as the Plymouth Fury, Dodge Polara and Monaco, and Chrysler Newport. New Yorker and Imperial. Newly sculpted body and roof lines, and new front and rear styling will be the big difference. Says Elwood P. Engel, Chrysler's vice president of styling: "Buying a car is like buying a suit. No-body wants one with narrow lapels. People who buy Valiants and Darts may buy a car just for transportation, but a person who spends \$4,000 to \$5,000 for a car wants to be different." Apparently on the same theory, Ford Motor Co.'s 1972 Thunderbird is bigger than the 1971 model both inside and out, and its V-shaped nose has been slightly blunted. The Ford Torino will have a new oval-shaped grille, and the Continental Mark IV will be 4 in. longer. The Mercury Montego, which has not sold well in 1971, is being made to look like the better-selling Ford LTD.

The six A.M.C. cars unveiled last

week were mirror images of their 1971 counterparts on the outside. Inside, though, the sporty Javelin will feature optional trim and upholstery by Fashion Designer Pierre Cardin of Paris; the Hornet wagon can be had with finishing touches by Aldo Gucci, Italy's famed designer of leather accessories. Instead of new body styling, or the wide variety of models offered by its competitors, A.M.C. is making its major move in the area of warranties. Starting with the 1972 models, the company will pay for the repair of all defects during the first twelve months or 12,000 miles of use—an improvement on the usual tightly restricted list of warranty-covered parts. A.M.C. even promises to lend its customers cars while their own autos are being worked on.

One change will be evident on all of Detroit's new cars: the price. That will rise, from a modest increase of \$99 for the subcompact Chevrolet Vega to an increase of \$584 for the Cadillac Fleetwood limousine. Industry spokesmen insist that the higher prices, which will probably come to an average of just under 5%, are the result of the inflationary pressures of increased labor costs and the posted price hikes in steel.

INSURANCE

The Profits of Recession

During the next few months, some 8.5 million Americans will receive a check that is almost as rare these days as a winning lottery ticket: a partial refund on their automobile insurance premiums. The lucky recipients are policyholders of State Farm Mutual, the nation's largest auto insurer, which revealed this week a \$112.2 million underwriting profit for the first six months of 1971, compared with an \$18.4 million loss in the same period last year. The company's overall earnings after taxes have shot up to \$108 million—an astonishing 500% improvement on last year's first-half figures.

Because State Farm is a mutual insurer, in effect owned by its policyholders, its officers must use the profits either to lower rates or make refunds. State Farm chose to make refunds, since lower rates might be hard to raise if profits fall in the future. But the effect is the same. All together, the company will distribute \$30 million to policyholders in 31 states and the District of Columbia, the areas where its operations were profitable.

Less Carnage. The profits of some other large auto underwriters are also expanding, though far less dramatically than State Farm's. The payoff may lead to the first lowering of auto insurance rates since World War II, or at least a leveling off. Among companies that are considering or have already announced selective cuts are the Insurance Co. of North America, Hartford Fire Insurance Co. and Illinois' Kemper Group. Despite the steady rise in medical and repair costs—which have not even reversed the trend toward higher rates in some states—a number of companies have lately experienced a notable drop in the frequency of claims. Officials of State Farm, which insures one out of every seven U.S. cars, report that claims during the first six months of the year fell 7% for bodily injuries, 12% for medical payments, 8% for property damage and 9% for collisions.

Why? One explanation is that the nation's long auto-safety campaign, which has led to major improvements in equipment, road design and driver education, is finally paying off. Last year, for one of the few times in U.S. history, the number of automobile fatalities declined slightly, to 55,300. So far this year the toll is still lower by a little. Top executives at State Farm are convinced that another factor is at least partly responsible for their good fortune: everybody else's bad fortune. In short, says Vice President Thomas Morrill, "the frequency of claims is directly tied to the state



CHICAGO STUDENTS IN DRIVER EDUCATION CLASS
Beer and TV in hard times.

of the economy and thus tends to decline in a recession."

Hard times, Morrill explains, keep people off the roads. The increase in unemployment, for example, means that fewer workers are fighting their way through accident-prone rush-hour traffic. Those who do get behind the wheel tend to drive more cautiously than usual and do not take as many long trips. A survey last year of the American Automobile Association's 14 million members showed that the number driving their cars on at least five out-of-town trips declined 20% between 1968 and 1970. The recession has also influenced U.S. drinking, which is involved in half of all traffic fatalities. A recent Michigan study showed that auto deaths and tavern liquor sales both declined in 1970. At the same time the sale of package liquor goods—which are usually consumed at home—rose. As Morrill puts it: "The fellow drinking beer in front of his living-room TV is not an auto-insurance problem."

STEEL

Rift in the Ranks

Even before its hefty wage settlement early this month, the steel industry was braced for a slack third quarter. Most big customers are still using up the steel they stockpiled as a hedge against a possible strike. Nonetheless, steelmakers, led by U.S. Steel, announced an 8% across-the-board price increase to take effect on Dec. 1. Behind the scenes, though, hard-pressed companies began seeking sales by offering discounts—urging automakers to sign orders for cold-rolled steel before the increase and take delivery afterward at current prices. Last week an open rift developed within the industry when Bethlehem Steel, the second largest producer, said it was deferring until Feb. 1 its increase on cold-rolled steel used in making auto bodies.

By extending the time allowed customers to buy steel at the cheaper rates, Bethlehem was only making public essentially the same offer that some other steelmakers were granting with their discounts. Other steel firms now are likely to find themselves compelled to follow Bethlehem's lead. "It looks like Bethlehem is playing price policeman again," noted one steel executive.

Though price hikes on all other steel products are so far not affected, there is growing doubt as to whether the industry can make its increases stick in such a soft market. In fact, two weeks ago, Bethlehem and National Steel undercut by as much as 1% the 8% boost posted by U.S. Steel on tin-mill products used in cans. For all the competitive scramble, there are strict limits on the extent to which the industry can cut back or discount its posted prices. The recent settlement with the United Steel Workers will cost more than \$1 billion in extra wages and fringe benefits during the first year alone—effectively precluding any all-out price war.

MEDICINE

Assist for an Ailing Heart

Though a growing number of surgeons are learning how to transplant hearts, the operation seems destined to remain a rarity because donors are scarce and the problem of tissue rejection is still unsolved. Therefore, researchers have been working for more than a decade to develop an implantable artificial heart. Last week, Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz, the surgical pioneer who performed the first heart transplant in the U.S., moved

two tubes, a balloon-like outer bladder surrounding a narrow tube, with an air hose that leads from the outer tube to a helium-powered driving unit and compressed air tank outside the body.

Installation of the pump was intricate business. Shanks, who was near death, was wheeled into the operating room at 7:15 p.m. Doctors opened his chest and slit the descending aorta, the downward trunk of the main artery leading from the heart. They then sewed the booster directly into the aorta, led the air hose out

through the chest and connected it to the exterior tank. The procedure took five hours, but it was not until 5 a.m. that Shanks left the operating room; Kantrowitz kept him there until he was certain that the booster was doing its job.

It did just that. A regulator unit connected to the heart muscle by wires kept the external pump in phase with the internal organ. As the heart's left ventricle, or major pumping chamber, contracted to force blood through the aorta, the external pump sucked air out of the outer tube, creating negative pressure that helped pull the blood out of the ventricle. Then, as the ventricle relaxed, the pump forced air back into the outer tube, increasing the pressure on the inner passage and forcing the blood through the aorta to the body.

Shanks' heart was relieved of at least half the work of supplying blood to his body. Only hours after the operation, he was doing well. But Kantrowitz believes that no heart operation is a success until the patient returns home. Shanks is not yet ready for that.



ADRIAN & ARTHUR KANTROWITZ WITH EARLY PUMP
Doing half the work.

the effort a significant step forward. In Detroit's Sinai Hospital, he put an artificial heart booster into the chest of Haskell Shanks, 63, whose heart was so weakened that it could not pump enough oxygenated blood to his body.

The operation was hardly the first attempt to use an artificial heart device in humans. Dr. Michael DeBakey has tried temporary pumping mechanisms on eight patients, two of whom are still alive. Kantrowitz has twice installed permanent heart pumps in patients, one of whom survived for 13 days. But last week's operation differed from the previous ones. Kantrowitz's new pump is not only more advanced than earlier assist mechanisms, but because of a specially developed inner coating, it is less likely to trigger the blood-clotting problems that plagued earlier implants. Therefore it has a better chance of remaining in the patient indefinitely. Hence it could offer new hope for patients with intractable congestive heart failure.

Cigar Shape. Described as a patch booster, the pump is an improved model of the device developed in 1966 by Kantrowitz and his brother Arthur, a physicist. Made of silicone rubber and Dacron, the booster is deceptively simple in construction. Six inches long and shaped like a cigar, it consists of

The Yoga Ailment

Most of yoga's devotees feel that the putative rewards of the exercises are worth the effort. Others may get something less than nirvana for their troubles. Dr. Joseph Chusid, a neurologist, told the A.M.A. *Journal* that sitting on the heels can damage the lower leg's peroneal nerve and lead to a complaint that he calls yoga foot drop.

This condition came to Chusid's attention when he was called on to treat a 22-year-old college student who had been experiencing increasing difficulty walking, running and climbing stairs. An examination failed to uncover the origin of the student's inability to control a drooping tendency in both feet. But conversation did. The youth, a recent convert to yoga, told Chusid that he often sat on his heels for periods of up to six hours while chanting. The position placed great pressure on the peroneal nerve, which winds about the head of the fibula (outer leg bone) just below the knee. After the youth agreed to do his chanting while standing, his feet, if not his inner tranquility, gradually returned to normal.

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BOOKS

An Eye for an Eye

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF LT. CALLEY by Richard Hammer. 398 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. \$7.95.

A charitable way of viewing the waves of public anger generated by the conviction of Lieut. William L. Calley Jr. last March is to assume that too few Americans were fully aware of what really was established at his court-martial. The 45 days of testimony by 104 witnesses were indeed confusing, repetitious, and often contradictory. Yet it is difficult to believe that any reasonable man can now read New York Times Reporter Richard Hammer's expert though impassioned distillation of the trial proceedings and still feel that the six jurors—all combat veterans acting against their own instincts as professional soldiers—could have reached any conclusion other than the one they did. The conclusion: in the 1968 U.S. assault on the hamlet of My Lai, Calley was guilty of the premeditated murder of at least 22 defenseless Vietnamese babies, children, women and old men.

So many members of Calley's own platoon contradicted Calley's testimony about his role in the carnage and Calley's memory of the action was so self-servingly selective that Hammer concludes flatly: "Calley lied and lied blatantly on the stand." He was also ill-advised by his attorneys, especially his civilian counsel, George W. Latimer, whose defense strategy was "confusing and confused, rambling and directionless." The defense at various times argued that: 1) there was no large-scale killing at My Lai; 2) yes, there was a lot of killing but it had been done by helicopter and artillery rather than Calley's platoon; 3) the scared and vengeful mood of Calley's men made a slaughter inevitable and they could not be blamed; 4) Calley had not committed the charged crime, and well maybe he had, but he was acting under orders and suffering from mental stress.

Violated Conventions. Eventually, claims Hammer, the out-gunned defense tried to turn the court-martial into a near trial of Calley's commander, Captain Ernest L. Medina. The defense produced soldiers who claimed that Medina had ordered the slaughter of civilians. Calley, it was argued, had no choice; he could not disobey his superior. Medina denied giving such orders, and the Army's young prosecutor, Captain Aubrey M. Daniel III, was able to draw from a surprising number of defense witnesses the admission that they had disobeyed Calley's order to fire into the assembled groups of civilians—without being disciplined for their refusal.

Hammer has a weakness for run-on sentences and rhetorical questions, and he allows his feeling of outrage at the



DRAWING OF LIEUT. CALLEY AT HIS TRIAL
A confused and rambling defense.

My Lai atrocity to show clearly. Nevertheless, his basic point seems humane and inescapable: though war is hellish, there are conventions for its conduct and Calley, among others, violated them.

Hammer concedes it will be unfair if Calley alone goes to prison for My Lai. But, he asks, "does anyone believe, because most of the crimes in this country are never solved, that those who are caught, tried, and convicted should be set free?" He wonders, too, whether those who deplore Calley's conviction are not dispensing with one of the moral bulwarks of individual men and of society: the notion "that a man is ultimately responsible for his own mistakes, errors, sins, and crimes and must himself pay for them and make his own atonement."

■ Ed Magnuson

CULTURE PICTURES



GENERAL BOULANGER IN 1887
Sex, drugs and soldierly scruple.

Letting Georges Do It

BOULANGER by James Harding. 251 pages. Scribners. \$8.95.

He is remembered as the original of that perennial threat to shaky governments, "the man on horseback." Adoring crowds threw themselves on the tracks at the Gare de Lyon to keep him from leaving Paris. Three hundred songs were written about him, and copies by the thousands were hawked in the streets. Fast-selling lines of dishes, pens and bric-a-brac carried his portrait to the consuming public. On Bastille Day 1886, when he rode down the Champs-Élysées on his great black horse, all France lay at his feet. Indeed, on three occasions General Georges Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger had only to stroll to the Elysée Palace and the government of France would have been his. Each time, mysteriously, he drew back.

In 1891, after Boulanger shot himself over his mistress's fresh grave, his former political patron, Georges Clemenceau, produced a suitably cruel epitaph. "Boulanger," sneered the Tiger, "died, as he had lived, like a subaltern." Now, in the first complete biography of Boulanger, English Historian and Musicologist James Harding offers to set the record straight. Sexual infatuation as well as drugs, he concedes, played a part in the general's rise and fall. Poor and provincial, Boulanger was wounded six times in battle before becoming a general in the French army at the comparatively young age of 42. The last of his many mistresses, the Vicomtesse de Bonnemains, began giving him nightly doses of morphine to ease the pain of old wounds; as a result, he grew both melancholy and erratic. Yet, Harding shows, it was soldierly scruple that really lay behind Boulanger's retreat from power.

Puppet Show. In the later years of the 19th century, the Third Republic could rarely be described as a working democracy. Haunted by France's humiliating defeat in the war of 1870 enraged clericals and anticlericals, lurking royalists and Bonapartists, wild radicals and Republicans turned the parliamentary process into a dismal puppet show. Chosen Minister of War in 1886, Boulanger swiftly, humanely and intelligently democratized, reorganized and re-equipped France's demoralized army. Like Dwight David Eisenhower in 1952, he became, almost overnight and with little effort on his part, the center of a whirlwind political force. "Boulangism" offered not politics but panaceas. Resurrect Gallic glory. Restore the lost provinces. Inaugurate an income tax. Give France a powerful presidency (which another general would do in 1958). Whatever it was, the general's adherents suggested, Georges would do it.

In the name of order and authority, Georges seemed willing to try. What he would not do, as it turned out to everyone's surprise, was risk the disorder of civil war and bloodshed, however

brief. When Boulanger was about to be overwhelmingly elected Deputy on a national ticket, an aide routinely asked him: "Will you sleep in the Elysée, or will you have the Chamber of Deputies invaded?" "Are you mad?" Boulanger replied. On the eve of the expected coup, members of the government were already burning secret documents. Crowds and troops stood ready for his word to march. Boulanger simply retired to his bed, taking Marguerite de Bonnemains with him.

Harding is brisk, knowing, and often very funny in presenting what he obviously savors most, the menagerie of political grotesques surrounding Boulanger and the matchless rhetorical savagery of Third Republic France. What he never explains is the charm the man possessed, the almost mesmeric hold he exerted over comrades-in-arms, friends, mistresses, and masses of Frenchmen. One comes to accept Boulanger not as an ambitious schemer but as what the French call *un brave type*. Yet some warm element is missing from Harding's portrait as well as from a series of photographs showing off the general's broad forehead, flowing mustache and neat beard. Boulanger stares back at us as enigmatically as a western gunslinger in a faded antique portrait. It is hard to believe that radiant charisma ever eluded to this numb and meaty visage.

■ Timothy Foote

The Psychology of the Gadfly

THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA by Vercors. Translated by Audrey Foote. 185 pages. McCall's. \$6.50.

Rebellion springs from a psychological source as much as from a political stance. Yet an age that has generated millions of rebels has failed to produce anything like adequate discussion of their emotional motives. Now a shrewd novel by a member of the Old Left offers some home thoughts to the vociferous children of the New.

Jean Brüller is a French writer who, under the pseudonym of Vercors, founded Editions de Minuit, a French underground press, during World War II and briefly followed the French Communist Party line. On the whole, Vercors seems to distrust the rebellious spirits he has known—especially those whose revolt was mainly verbal. The hero of his sixth novel is a meticulous and withering portrait of what he takes to be the type.

*The Raft of the Medusa** is set up as a consulting-room thriller and develops the solution to a psychiatric puzzle: Why does a young Frenchwoman

who says she is happily married keep flirting with an O.D. of Veronal? Her analyst suspects she has borrowed trouble from her husband, a French poet-novelist whose stock in trade is glamorous rebellion. Called in for consultation, the husband really wants to level, but beneath the lacquer of glory he can perceive only one small flaw in himself: "Despite the success of my books, I have no confidence." Through that tiny portal of awareness the analyst enters a hidden emotional hell.

Fury at human imperfection is the first symptom of the hero's malady. As a teen-age poet, having made the banal discovery that his parents are far from perfect and that the whole world is wicked, he spews out a book of vitriolic verses advertising his family as an archetypal clan of upper-middle-class mon-



"THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA" (detail)
A collection of middle-class monsters.

sters. By besmirching their reputation he established his own. But his success becomes his fate. In literature he is merely a marked-down Rimbaud who curses a corrupt society as a way of joining it; in private life he is a frightened, self-seeking, self-deceiving fumbler. The book's most moving passages are those in which Vercors shows how his hero's fear of love makes him lose the girl he should have married, how his habit of self-ignorance allows him to repress his grief, how his hypocrisy and weakness eventually poison his marriage and destroy his closest friendship.

The book takes detours of recollection through World War II and the moral agonies of the French Resistance. In fact, Vercors touches on enough material for a 600-page chronicle. Yet he has chosen to tell his story with unrelenting haste in a brisk series of interviews between patient and analyst. In art as in life, the device frequently proves a chore.

But the reader is kept on a taut leash of suspense, and the hero finally becomes a breathing instance of a truth that the radical left tends to overlook. However politically useful they may be, gadflies are born, not made.

■ Brad Darrack

Caveat for the General

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL by Frederick Forsyth. 380 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

John Wilkes Booth at least had the grace to shout "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" Until lately, most political assassins have felt obliged to dress up their acts of public murder with some pretext of historic purpose. But the Jackal, an Englishman and pseudo gentleman, yearns for nothing more uplifting than the good life. When he gets an assignment from the OAS (France's antigovernment secret army of the early 1960s) to do in Charles de Gaulle, he looks on it simply as a "once in a lifetime job." If he brings it off, he will be able to retire for good.

The Jackal is an outsider, unknown to the French security forces eventually unleashed against him. He begins the assignment in the reading room of the British Museum, boning up on De Gaulle's habits, and ends it—with a clutch of false papers and a hunting rifle disguised as an aluminum crutch—in a room on Paris' Rue de Rennes overlooking a liberation day ceremony.

Author Forsyth seems less efficient. In chronicling the plots and ploys of the Jackal and his enemies, he produces far too many shifts of focus, step-by-step itineraries and logistical minutiae. He inventories the furnishings of De Gaulle's office, and feels compelled to specify that the chauffeured, black Citroën DS 19s circle the courtyard of the Elysée Palace counterclockwise. But on such things as how to steal a passport or select an assassination site, his expertise is extraordinarily compelling.

The author knows too that the most grueling suspense is generated not by mystery but by a long, slow wait for the inevitable. Partly for this reason, he seems about to make the kind of killing (Book-of-the-Month Club, record paperback advance, vast movie contract, etc.) that the Jackal hoped for from his far grimmer enterprise.

Forsyth may be in the vanguard of a rather queasy-making literary trend. Readers do, inevitably, identify with the assassin, and what he has, briefly, in his telescopic sights is a heroic and honored chief of state. General de Gaulle is dead, of course. Earlier this year, though, Harper & Row issued *Who Killed Enoch Powell?*, a thriller-mystery predicated on the murder of a British Member of Parliament, notoriously disliked as a racist, but very much alive. What titles will come next? *Ho, Sweet Homicide? Tell Them Willy Brandt Was Here? Sunset on the Pedernales?*

■ T.F.

* The title is taken from a Géricault painting that depicts with romantic overkill the pain and bestiality of a raftful of men and women who, in 1816, survived the wreck of the French ship *Medusa* off Africa, floating for 16 days without rescue. Their actions came to symbolize the voracious selfishness of 19th century bourgeois society.

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